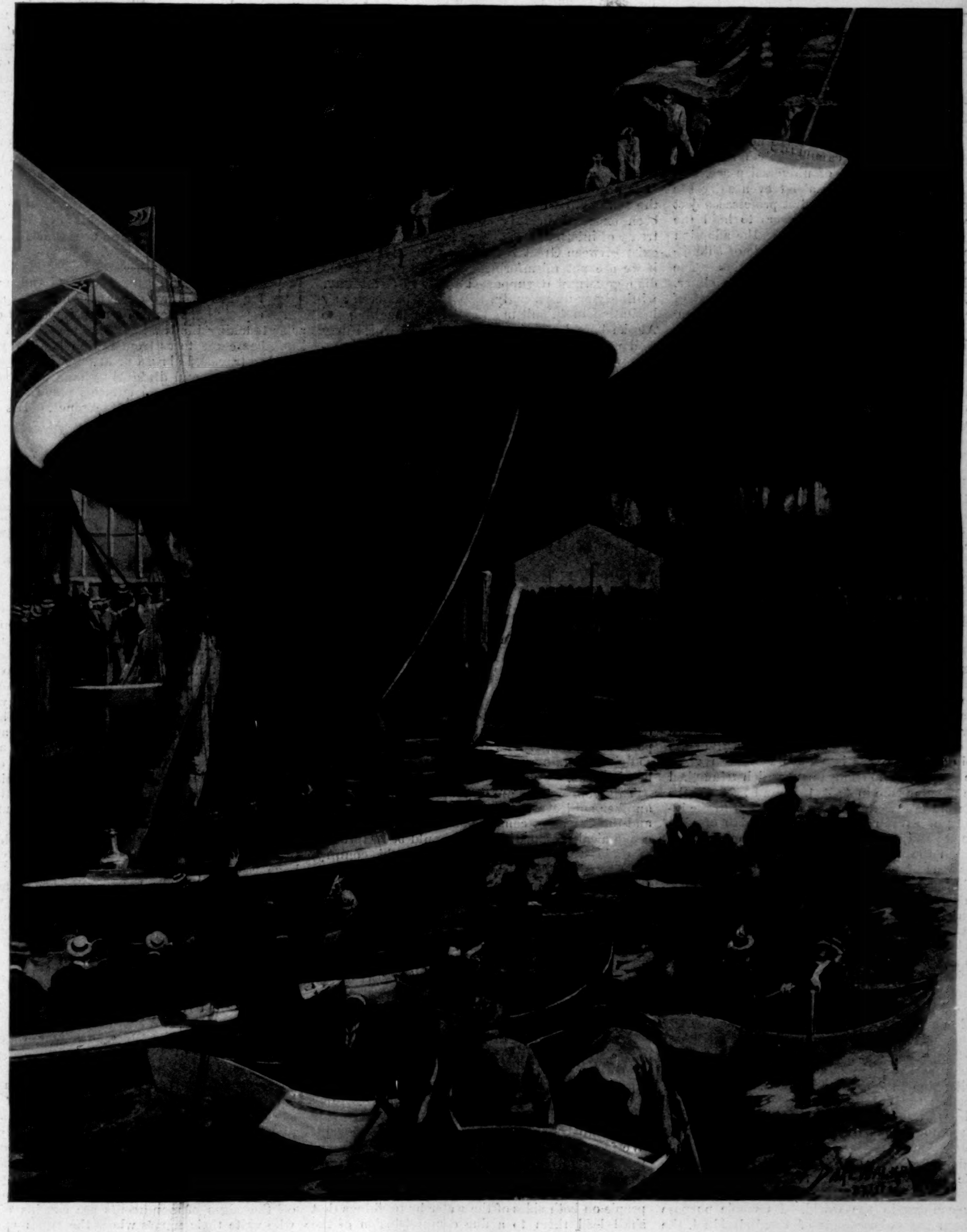
GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
JUN 23 1899

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2218
Copyright, 1899, by HARPER & BROTHERS
All Rights Reserved

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1899

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR



LAUNCHING OF "COLUMBIA," BUILT TO DEFEND "AMERICA'S" CUP AGAINST "SHAMROCK."

SKETCHED AT HERRESHOFF'S YARD, BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND, BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 24, 1899

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

Our Opportunities

THERE are two steps the taking of which by the civilized world will do more than anything else can possibly do to help along the cause of universal peace, and therefore to bring about eventually the disarmament which was the first professed object of the Tsar in inviting the powers to hold the peace conference. One is, of course, the adoption by the leading nations of the principle of submitting all international disputes to arbitration. The second is the bringing of the world into closer, more intimate, commercial relations. This last, of course, can be accomplished only by making commercial intercourse freer, by breaking down restraining and prohibitory tariff walls, and is therefore contrary to the policy of this country and of Continental Europe. It is, however, so clearly in the interest of the consumers of all the countries which have adopted the protective system—which is simply saying that it is in the interest of the great majority of their people—that any general and earnest movement in behalf of universal free trade is bound to receive serious and respectful consideration, and in the end, we believe, to win a signal and wholesome victory. The present weakness of the cause of free trade is that of late years its advocates in this country, where the examples of the injustice and folly of protection are most numerous and most striking, have been lukewarm in their cause, and have almost entirely ceased from their efforts. There is reason to believe, however, that there is soon to be an end to the halt of the revenue-reformers, or free-traders, who are now quite indifferent as to which descriptive title their antagonists prefer. Whatever Mr. Bryan may think or hope on the subject, the silver issue is so nearly dead that its candidate in the coming Presidential campaign, if the Democrats are so foolish as to nominate such a candidate, would, on that single issue, carry on the mere ghost of a campaign. The inevitable result of the dropping of the silver issue would be the revival of the anti-protection movement which triumphed in the popular vote in 1874, 1876, and 1884, for the reform of the revenue system is essential to the increasing of revenues, while the abolition of high protective and prohibitive duties is necessarily involved in the movement against the tyranny and oppressions of trusts, as well as in the movement for the promotion of more friendly intercourse among nations.

It happens that this country and Great Britain are at present in a position to take the lead for the furthering of both these objects. It is strange that there should be any doubt as to the attitude of an American or a British administration when an opportunity is presented to it for the promotion of the cause of peace. The vast majority of Americans and Englishmen love peace. The institutions of our own country, too, recognize the virtue of peace and the barbarism of war. More than a hundred years ago we turned our faces towards a future—towards a civilization in which men should live together, governing themselves mutually by temperate reason, leaving their disputes to the arbitrament of justice, and not to the barbarous and cruel arbitrament of battle.

Guided and controlled by this spirit, the republic has done more for the advancement of the cause of international arbitration than any other country in the world. Its whole purpose has been the enlargement of the individual, the advancement of his interests, the extension of his liberty, the development of all his faculties by leaving him free of the restraints and burdens which military powers have always imposed, and which they continue to impose, upon their subjects. Again, the ideal of our race—an ideal which we inherit from our English ancestors—is the ideal of justice, of a justice which governs the state as well as the individual. In this we differ essentially, as Great Britain also differs, from nearly all the states of Continental Europe. In the courts of justice of both, the state stands on an even footing with the citizen who has a cause against it, and it and he ask simple justice. The state is but one of us when it comes to a question between us of right or wrong, while in France and in Germany the relation between the citizen and the government is very different. It ought to follow that the state here and in England should be willing to submit to properly constituted courts any question of dispute that may arise between the two, for the best method known to the world of arriving at justice is through the decision of fair and impartial minds, and there is no reason why an international dispute should not be settled in this manner, if it is the best manner for the settlement of disputes between the state and the individual.

THE two states, therefore, which can most naturally, and therefore most easily, adopt the principle of arbitration are the United States and Great Britain. And, as was to have been expected, these are the two states which have made the greatest approach to a general agreement on the principle. It is unfortunately the fault of the United States, the country from which perhaps most was to have been expected in this direction, that a general treaty of international arbitration does not already exist between Great Britain and ourselves. But, if we are not misinformed, it is due to the Canadian government, supported by Lord Salisbury, willingly or unwillingly, that there has been any hesitation in submitting the dispute touching the Alaska boundary to arbitration. The world may well wonder what can be involved in that question which has caused either Great Britain or the American republic to delay in submitting it to judges. We confess that we cannot imagine the reason. And yet there stands something in the way.

The two countries which ought to turn naturally to arbitration are standing back from it, and, worse still, pulling away from it. We are bound to believe that this time the fault is Great Britain's, and that Canada is again influencing the home government, as she did in respect to the Paris award, to assume an unfair and hostile attitude towards this country. It is said that, yielding to the exigencies of Canadian politics, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his associates demand, as a condition precedent to arbitration, that the United States shall surrender something which the administration regards as a right, and that Lord Salisbury feels bound to sustain the Canadian contention. The result is that it is doubtful if arbitration will be agreed to by the two nations which have instructed their representatives at the Hague to favor the adoption of the general principle as a feature of international law, although it would be better for the cause of civilization for each of the two powers to disregard its own petty interests if in so doing the movement for universal peace could be advanced.

This country has another opportunity, also, in another subject of negotiation between our own and the Canadian commissioners. There is every economical reason why there should be reciprocity of trade—that is, free trade—between this country and Canada. The history of our early reciprocity treaty proves abundantly the material profit of such trade relations to the people of both countries; and, indeed, there is no argument for the protection of American producers against the competition of Canadian products which cannot be answered by an appeal to the experiences of the States in their commercial relations with one another. Besides, there is the greater reason which we have suggested at the opening of this article.

We have an opportunity, at the happiest moment at which it could be presented, when the world is discussing the advisability of closer and more friendly relations, to advance the cause by making our Northern neighbor our firmest as well as our nearest friend, thus making still closer the ties of friendship between ourselves and Great Britain. We fear that there is little hope that we shall be permitted to take this great step. Certainly we shall not take it if the two governments are left to themselves. What is needed is a stirring of the people on both sides of the water by teachings that shall lead them to a due comprehension of the fruitful consequences that may result from arbitration of the boundary question and from reciprocity between the two countries.

THERE is to be found an excellent illustration in the workings of the sugar-bounty laws of Germany and France of the enormous cost of the protective principle to the consumer. The protective duties on sugars exclude from these two countries the imported cane sugars, while the bounties on the beet sugars enable the growers to sell their products to foreign consumers at a very low price. Thus these growers have been enormously profited, and always at the expense of the domestic consumer. They can charge him what they will, because they control the home market almost, if not quite, exclusively, and being paid by the government—that is, from the taxes imposed upon their fellow-citizens—a certain amount on every pound of sugar which they raise, they are enabled to sell for export at very low prices—at prices even below the actual cost of production. Thus the French and the German consumer suffers directly from the protective tariff, while the Englishman benefits from the bounty to such an extent that beet sugar may be said to be bounty-fed by the French and German governments almost entirely for his benefit. An inquiry carried on by an English consular officer teaches a most instructive lesson, and shows, in a practical manner, the effect of the bounty system on the prices of sugar in England and France respectively. He finds that the Englishman gets his French sugar for four cents a pound, but that the Frenchman pays, for the same article, twelve cents a pound. It ought to be added that the United States government consistently denies to its citizens the privilege of benefiting either by the kindness of nature to the West Indies, or by the economic follies of France and Germany.

NOW that the holiday season is at hand, a word for the celebrator of his own name is timely, especially as news of a most important character touching him and his lead-pencil and penknife has come to us from England. Every one who has travelled abroad or at home has observed the devastating and disfiguring handiwork of the creature who writes and cuts his name in places which are insulted by its presence. His kind is international. He is known to every country, and it is a grave injustice to charge this particular form of self-glorification to the American, when most of the dirty pencillings on the once white back of the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican are of Italian names, while those in the spire of the Rouen Cathedral are the names of French men and women. He is universal—the being whose only hope of companionship with the great is by desecrating their monuments, and whose only chance of being known beyond the narrow sphere of his own acquaintance is by writing his name where tens of thousands must see it. He is either vain or imitative, a peacock or a monkey, and he defaces the works of nature or the monuments of men, as indifferent to the one as to the other. The information which we receive that touches him affects intelligent and self-respecting tourists more importantly than he can be affected by anything that can possibly happen to him. This information is to the effect that the English wardens of historic monuments are closing their most interesting places to the public on account of the depredations committed by this common nuisance and vandal. It is not only more difficult than it used to be to gain admittance to the treasures of art in English castles and manor-houses, or to see alone and deliberately the collections which continue to be shown, but many places formerly open have been absolutely closed. For example, the beautiful and historic keep of Warwick Castle is hermetically sealed. The part of the castle which is still inhabited may be seen, because the guardian of the place can keep his eye on his tourists and prevent depredations; but the keep, with its portcullis and its series of defences for the inner court, by far the most interesting part of the monument—we exclude, of course, the fine collection of pictures—cannot be shown, because of the incorrigibility of the vandal. What has been done at Warwick Castle is but an illustration of the last and most unfortunate achievement of the writer and carver of his own name. For a similar reason the garden of Shakspere's house at Stratford-on-Avon is now closed to visitors. The chief interest of the garden is due to the fact that it contains all the plants mentioned by Shakspere in his plays, but the intelligent and sympathetic visitor cannot see them except from a distant window, because the violating public has destroyed so many of the plants. The men and women who break plants and chip off the edges of monuments are cousins of those who write their names where the sun may shine upon their unworthiness. Heretofore they have simply disgraced themselves; now they are injuring their betters.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE instalment of Senator Lodge's "History of the Spanish-American War" which appeared in the May number of Harper's Magazine includes the following passage (p. 846) about the part taken by General Henry M. Duffield in the land campaign in Cuba:

> At only one point did the forward movement of July 1 fail. General Duffield, in command of a brigade consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts, was to move along the coast and take the Spanish position at Aguadores. He advanced under cover of a heavy fire from the ships, which shelled the forts and signalled again and again that they were entirely cleared. But General Duffield, reaching a stream about one hundred feet wide, and finding the railroad bridge destroyed, stopped, considered the situation, and decided to go no farther. The regiments, so far as is known, were of most excellent material, brave, and quite ready to fight, but although supported by the ships, General Duffield stopped at the stream, and that seems to be all that can be said, except that he had two men killed and fifteen wounded.

General Duffield says that this paragraph does him great injustice. Senator Lodge is in Paris; General Duffield's remonstrance has been sent to him there, but, owing to some delay in transmission, his reply to it has not been received. Inasmuch as General Duffield regards the statement of his conduct printed in Harper's Magazine to be highly injurious, it seems proper to submit, without further delay, the reasons he gives for declaring it to be erroneous. He says, in a letter to the editor of Harper's Magazine:

> There are four positive misstatements in this paragraph:
>
> First.—*I was not directed* "to take the Spanish position at Aguadores," but only to make a sufficient demonstration to keep the enemy there. General Shafter, in his report published in the Report of the Secretary of War for the year 1898, on p. 64, states: "In view of this I decided to begin the attack next day at El Caney with one division, while sending two divisions on the direct road to Santiago, passing by El Pozo House, and *as a diversion to send a small force* against Aguadores from Siboney along the railroad by the sea, with a view of *attracting the attention of the Spaniards* in the latter direction, and of preventing them from attacking our left flank." And on p. 67: "General Duffield, with the Thirty-third Michigan, attacked Aguadores as ordered, but was unable to accomplish more than to detain the Spaniards in that vicinity."
>
> Second.—I did not have my "brigade consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and Ninth Massachusetts," but less than nine hundred men of the Thirty-third Michigan (the Ninth Massachusetts and two battalions of the Thirty-fourth Michigan came to Siboney on the *Harvard* after I had gone to Aguadores: Shafter's Report as above, p. 67), while the Spaniards had five hundred men in the rifle-pits and fort and block-house—nearly as many as were at El Caney. My estimate of five hundred was confirmed by a despatch to me from General Shafter, saying a Spanish prisoner reported that they had five hundred men at Aguadores.
>
> Third.—The stream was more than one hundred feet wide, with no mode of crossing. The enemy had one set of rifle-pits directly in front of the fort at the crossing, and another with an enfilading fire higher up the hill to the north. My troops had Springfield rifles and smoky powder. The enemy had Mauser rifles and smokeless powder.
>
> Fourth.—The forts were not cleared of men by the fire from the ships; on the contrary, my scouts reported, about 11 A.M., that the enemy were receiving re-enforcements. And at the very moment that the signal came from the ships, "There is not a man in the fort," two of my men were wounded by a shell from the enemy. It was impossible for any one on the ships to see whether there were any troops in the fort or in the rifle-pits, and if Admiral Sampson's description of the position is correctly reported in the newspapers (I have no copy of his report), he did not see the most troublesome masked battery, and only one of the sets of rifle-pits.
>
> At the conference of generals at General Shafter's headquarters at the front, on June 30, General Shafter verbally directed me to take the Thirty-third Michigan along the railroad track to Aguadores and demonstrate against the Spanish position there, cautioning me that he did not want the enemy driven out of their position, as they might come upon his left flank, which was "in the air."
>
> On July 1 General Shafter, either fearing I might not fully comprehend and carry out his verbal instructions, or intending to fix the responsibility upon me in case I did not strictly obey them, sent me the following despatch, which I received on my return to Siboney:
>
> "11 P. M. 7, 1, 98.
>
> "General Duffield, Siboney,—I do not wish you to sacrifice any of your men, but to worry the enemy at Aguadores sufficiently to keep him there. Shafter."
>
> My report of the action, a copy of which I send you, was forwarded to the War Department by General Shafter with a commendatory endorsement of my conduct in the affair, and he subsequently recommended me for promotion to a Brevet Major-Generalcy of Volunteers for "distinguished conduct in the presence of the enemy at Aguadores." The Board of Officers appointed to pass on recommendations for promotion approved the recommendation, and the President sent my name to the Senate.

General Duffield tells his story so fully in his letter that it is unnecessary to add to it here. If he was explicitly ordered not to drive the Spaniards out of Aguadores, but carefully to detain them there, it is hard to see how his expedition, which apparently accomplished all that was intended, can be called a failure. General Shafter certainly did not so regard it; yet in the report from which General Duffield quotes, General Shafter speaks of Duffield as "unable to accomplish more than to detain the Spaniards in that vicinity." In this case General Shafter's manner of expressing himself would seem to be misleading, since he implies that it was hoped that General Duffield might accomplish more than that. Yet that apparently was the express thing that he was sent to do. Every writer must know what it is to use the words and phrases of least resistance rather than those which convey the most exact meaning. It may be that in this case General Shafter used a handy phrase rather than an exact one.

It would seem as if Senator Lodge, when he wrote the paragraph to which General Duffield dissents, could not have had knowledge of the reports from which General Duffield quotes, but as to that it is best to leave Senator Lodge, in due time and in his own way, to speak for himself.

DOES every one remember how much our sympathy with the Cuban reconcentrados had to do with bringing on the war with Spain? Perhaps the sinking of the *Maine* really brought things to a head, but the reconcentrados and their sufferings were the cause behind that cause. Much has been done for the reconcentrados who survived. The Americans found Cuba in a state of collapse. Do you realize what that means? A New York man who went to Cuba with the peace commissioners, and did exceedingly valuable and effectual work there, and who went back afterwards to distribute relief supplies, saw as much of Cuba at her lowest point of exhaustion as any American did. He spent several months there, and got away barely with his life. He describes by what supreme exertions of Americans working with Cubans—with many Cubans of admirable sagacity and devotion—the wheels of life were made to turn again in that desolate island, and those prostrate people were propped up on their feeble legs and set to work. There is a vast deal still to do there, but life has been resumed, some crops are growing, hope has revived, and decency is reinstated.

THERE is one great work to be done that the Cubans can't do properly for themselves, and which our government has not undertaken. It is the care of the children who were orphaned by reconcentration. It is estimated that there are 50,000 of them in Cuba, some with widowed mothers living, but very many without either parent, and all in need. To raise and train these children is a matter of great importance. It is a very big job, too, and if it is done as it should be done it will cost a great deal. The Cubans will help. They will give work, buildings, and supplies, but money they have not got. The work has been begun already, largely on faith. The trustees of the Cuban Orphan Fund have sent Miss Laura D. Gill to Cuba to map out and organize the work. Miss Gill has already made several informal reports. She has consulted with General Wood at Santiago, General Wilson at Matanzas, and General Ludlow at Havana. She writes of shocking destitution in the remoter parts of Cuba, of little children taking care of one another where all the grown-up people are dead; of women and young girls absolutely without clothes to cover themselves. "A million dollars," says Miss Gill, "can be spent to advantage in a year to help the Cubans help themselves."

To forward this work which Miss Gill has begun, the executive committee of the Cuban Orphan Fund has called for subscriptions. The chairman of the committee is General F. V. Greene; its secretary is Charles W. Gould; its treasurer, to whom subscriptions should be sent, is Robert Bacon, of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York. Other members of the committee are Admiral Sampson, W. E. Dodge, C. N. Bliss, D. Willis James, L. P. Morton, H. L. Nelson, A. S. Hewitt, W. M. Sloane, and J. K. Tod. There are twenty-six members in all. There can't be a more important work still to do in Cuba than this, and no work could be in better hands. If we cared enough about the reconcentrados to spend four hundred millions in ousting Spain, it will be a pity if we cannot now find another million to keep the children of the dead reconcentrados alive and give them a chance to grow up.

ONE of the customs of the South which usually excites disapproval in the minds of Northern readers is that of pursuing fugitive criminals with hounds. The newspapers always say "blood-hounds," but doubtless any dog with a good nose answers the purpose, and as the object is merely to catch the criminal, probably smaller and less savage dogs than blood-hounds are usually used. Putting "blood-hounds" on the trail of a man sounds bad. But let us see. Near Stratford, Connecticut, on June 3, an elderly widow was found bound and gagged in a farm-house. She had been assaulted by a strange negro. The neighbors immediately wanted him, and turned out to beat the woods for him. They hunted all day for him, and continued at night with torches. If there had been dogs handy to put on his trail, would there have been any humane disinclination to do it? Who can think so? The man was finally caught, was arraigned, pleaded guilty, and was locked up in the jail at Bridgeport, much to the disappointment of a crowd which had other views about his disposition. Let us record our obligations to Connecticut for one good example set.

It is with regret that the Weekly records the impulsiveness of its neighbors of Cherry Hill, a stone's-throw from its front door, 500 of whom, on June 10, the papers say, chased Andrew Vera, a colored sailor, with sticks and stones across the Fourth Ward. He had done no wrong whatever, but our near neighbors here, under some misapprehension as to his conduct, clamored urgently to kill him. A policeman saved him.

Negroes may commit atrocious crimes, and innocent negroes may be chased by mobs, in the North as well as in the South. Here is the record of something that could hardly have happened in the North. A Georgia newspaper of recent date says: "Judge George Hillyer talked interestingly about the proposed lynching convention this morning. He remarked that public burning for the crime of rape, by the legal authorities, is not, in his opinion, too severe a punishment, and it may be that some effort will be made by the convention to have a law enacted to that end."

The convention which the judge speaks of will probably be held at Atlanta, and of course there is not the slightest chance that it will advocate public burning as a legal punishment for anything. But the suggestion is very interesting. Considering the effect of public burnings on the reputation of Georgia, and the damage they do, the fact that a citizen can advocate them in the newspapers and not be in danger of being lynched speaks very well indeed for Georgia's self-restraint and belief in free speech. What an example of the intellectual mastodon Judge George Hillyer of Georgia must be!

IF any one is afraid that our war in the Philippines is too far off to have due tonic effects, and that what Governor Roosevelt calls "swollen slothful ease and ignoble peace" has begun again to sap our masterful virtues, let him read the newspapers and reassure himself. Besides all that we are doing beyond the various seas that now roll between us and our responsibilities, and besides the strikes that are prevailing so briskly in Cleveland, Buffalo, and many other places, and besides the recent exhibition of hardy virtue at Coney Island, and besides some recent occurrences in Texas, we have on hand two parochial wars of an exceedingly stimulating quality. One is in Wyoming, and is an exemplary movement which deserves to be closely watched and applauded every time it comes in sight. It represents the efforts of the people of Wyoming and contiguous districts to catch the train-robbers who lately captured a Union Pacific train and carried off $100,000. Immediately after the robbery Sheriff Hazen of Douglas, Wyoming, got together a posse of earnest men with guns and started after the robbers. He caught up with them on Sunday, June 4, at Teapot Creek. There was a fight, and the robbers got away. There was another fight the next day, and the sheriff was killed, but the robbers got off. That made Wyoming angry. The pursuit went on. On June 12 three robbers were reported to be standing off thirty officers in the Big Horn Mountains, after a flight of 350 miles. That was a dramatic situation. Its setting was dramatic too, for the region is that of the Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn Mountains, notorious as a refuge for outlaws. At last accounts the man-hunt was still going forward, the Federal government, the State of Wyoming, and the railroads having joined in the efforts to clean out the nest of outlaws. What a story this tale of crime and pursuit will make if the materials of it fall into competent hands! It makes one wish that Owen Wister were out on a horse in Wyoming instead of lying low in Rhode Island polishing rhymes for the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa.

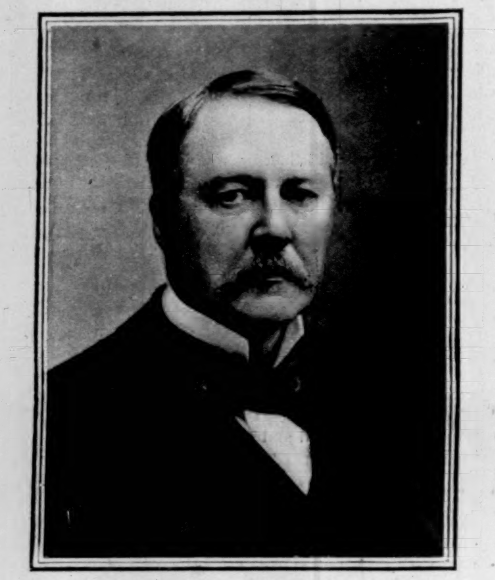
The other contemporary parochial war is in Clay County, Kentucky, where the Whites and Howards have been trying to wipe the Bakers off the face of the earth. The Bakers have reciprocated, and the State troops have been out among the hills seeking peace and pursuing it, and arresting Bakers and Whites. Thanks to Mr. John Fox and other good story-tellers, we know something about the Kentucky mountaineers, and understand how different they are from other persons, and how necessary occasional feuds are to their comfort. The outsider wonders as he reads why the fittest in Clay County should not be allowed to survive, but the Governor of Kentucky thinks that that is not best, and is trying hard to stop the fight. So far as can be gathered from the biographies of the half-dozen Bakers, Whites, and Howards, recently deceased as a consequence of the feud, none of them was indispensable to the prosperity of the State of Kentucky. Circuit-Judge Brown says the chief trouble with Clay County is the incendiary quality of the moonshine whiskey that obtains there.

ON June 14 Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, appeared as a witness before the Industrial Commission at Washington, and read to the commission an essay on Trusts, which is pretty sure to receive attention from the American public. The mother of all the trusts, said Mr. Havemeyer, is the Customs Tariff bill. "The tariff bill clutches the people by the throat, and then the Governors and the Attorney-Generals of the several States take action, not against the cause, but against the machinery which the people employ to rifle the public's pockets." Mr. Havemeyer believes in protection, but would limit it to ten per cent. *ad valorem*. There is probably no industry, he said, that requires more than that. Where, for purposes of revenue, a higher duty than ten per cent. is collected on certain products, he would equalize matters by putting an internal revenue tax on similar products made at home. He declares that a higher duty than ten per cent. simply invites people to go through the pockets of the public, and in trusts he sees merely the instrument of a mischief the cause of which is an excessively high tariff. Abate the cause, and the instrument will be powerless for harm.

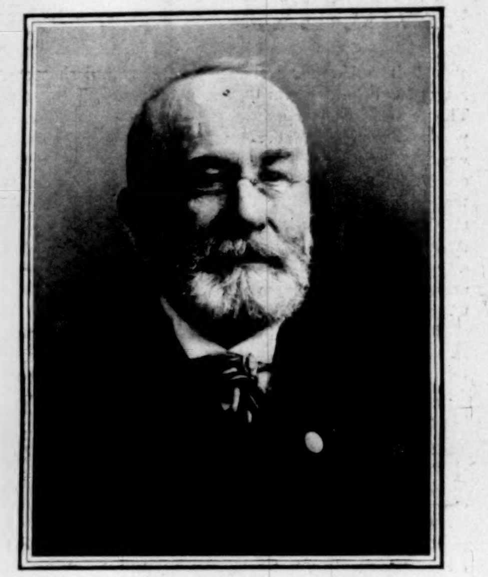
Incidentally Mr. Havemeyer remarked that refined sugar had less than four per cent. protection, and ought to have at least eight per cent. He grieved at the wasteful eccentricities of the present law, which, he said, puts into the pockets of a few individuals in Louisiana, Hawaii, and elsewhere $24,000,000 which ought to remain in the Treasury of the United States.

Mr. Havemeyer's disclosures and reflections are not especially novel, but they are well put as he puts them, and through the newspapers will come to the attention of a public which constantly forgets and needs to be continually reminded.

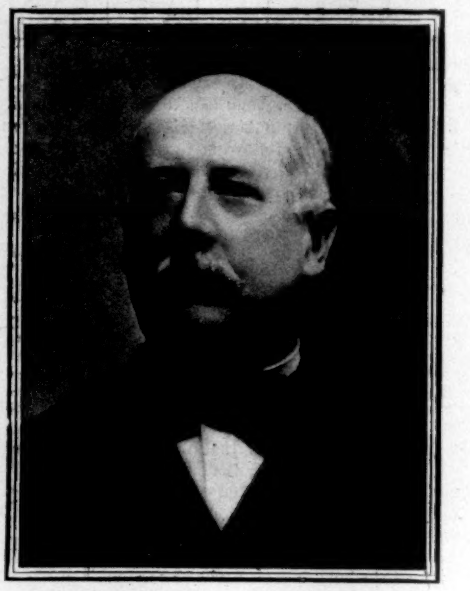
IN answer to a number of anxious inquiries, it is hereby disclosed that the Musical and Dramatic departments of the Weekly are not permanently extinct, but will be resumed next fall. Mr. E. I. Stevenson, the musical critic of the Weekly, is in Europe laying in new stores of musical erudition, by which the readers of the Weekly will profit in due time.



A. J. CASSATT.
New President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
Photograph by Davis & Sanford.



W. W, KEEN, M.D.,
New President of the American Medical Association.



HENRY O. HAVEMEYER.
[See Page 613.]
From a copyrighted Photograph by A. Dupont.

Men of the Day

THE directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at a special meeting on June 9, selected for president of that corporation Mr. A. J. Cassatt, whose qualifications for the important office are regarded as exceptional, even by those who count backwards when reminding us that he is the successor not only of the late Frank Thomson, whom the WEEKLY characterized in its last issue, but of George B. Roberts, Thomas A. Scott, and J. Edgar Thomson.

Alexander Johnston Cassatt was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, December 8, 1839. He had the advantage of liberal courses of study in Europe, and upon his return to America entered the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, New York. Receiving the degree of civil engineer at this institution in 1859, he devoted his energies to the active pursuit of his profession. In 1861 he became a rodman on the Pennsylvania Railroad; within ten years, by sheer ability, he had earned the promotion which was awarded to him when he was made general manager of all the Pennsylvania Railroad lines east of Pittsburg and Erie. Next, for several years, Mr. Cassatt served as third vice-president; in June, 1880, on the retirement of Colonel Scott, he became first vice-president, and in 1883 he was elected a director. Two years later he accepted the position of president of the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad Company. It is impossible in a brief sketch to do more than suggest the varied activities of a strenuous career extending through forty years, but it is interesting to note the employment of his talent in matters which are different without being wholly unrelated. For example, he was president of the International Conference appointed to report on the railway projected to unite the two Americas more closely; his neighbors have repeatedly elected him to the office of supervisor of Lower Merion township, in recognition of his service in improving the roads about Philadelphia; he was at one time a prominent figure on the American turf; he has been an efficient park commissioner; he is president of the Merion Cricket Club and the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia, and last year entered the field of street-railway management as a director of the Union Traction Company. As a railroad man his distinction may be said to rest upon the thorough technical education and large experience which make him an authority on engineering questions and financial problems; but quite beyond such acquirements, and vastly more significant, is the natural ability of the new chief executive, which may fairly be measured by his success.

ANOTHER Philadelphian, whose portrait appears in this issue, Dr. W. W. Keen, was elected to the honorable position of president of the American Medical Association at a general meeting of that body, held at Columbus, Ohio, on June 8. As the first choice of about two thousand delegates, the present incumbent of an office first held by Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, in 1847–8, received the acknowledgment of eminent service in his profession. Dr. Keen's skill as a surgeon has won for him an international reputation. In the city which honors especially two of the learned professions, he occupies the chair of surgery at Jefferson Medical College, has held numerous offices of trust, and written works on surgery which have already been characterized as standard. He has been professor of surgery in the Woman's Medical College and professor of artistic anatomy in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Johann Strauss

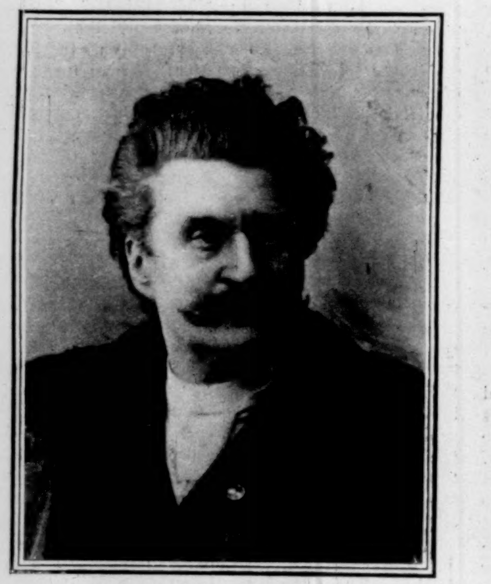
THE "Waltz King" died at his home, No. 4 Tyelgasse, Vienna, on June 3. He was seventy-four years old; in his life he had realized the greatest happiness—the full gratification of his artistic impulses and the perfect expression of his genius. Men like Brahms, who could not altogether express their larger conceptions, had frankly and heartily envied him; the Kaiserstadt had been at his feet; Paris had commanded its government to confer on him the cross of the Legion of Honor, and, after the other European capitals had been captivated by the sweetness of the music and the magnetism of the man, some of his greatest triumphs were still held in reserve for him by young hearts in America. He was one of the successes of the century, and one of its delights.

The father, also Johann Strauss, was a celebrated musician in his day and way; and his two brothers, Josef and Eduard, achieved fame through the composition and interpretation of dance-music. Eduard has for several years conducted the band which bears the family name. Josef died long ago. This is a dynasty plainly and confessedly circumscribed as to its subject, but in the number of its willing subjects limited only to those who are "moved by concord of sweet sounds": no more spontaneous tribute, we repeat, has been paid in this century, no more evident homage has been rendered than to these men; but, most of all, the world has delighted to honor the composer of "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Wine, Women, and Song," "The Merry War.". . . Our readers will add the titles of their preference from the long-familiar list.

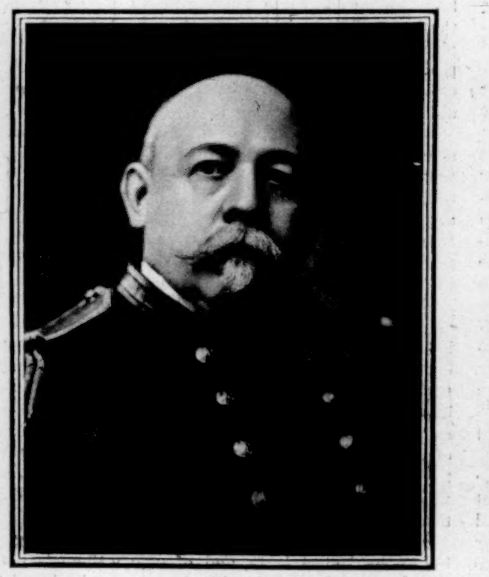
Richard P. Bland

A MAN whose strongly marked characteristics have at several periods in the last few years been impressed upon the imagination of the general public—though he never quite became a commanding figure in the national life, and when nearest to great popular success was still characterized as "*Missouri's* Farmer" and "*Missouri's* Silver Advocate"—died at his home in Lebanon, after a long illness, on June 15.

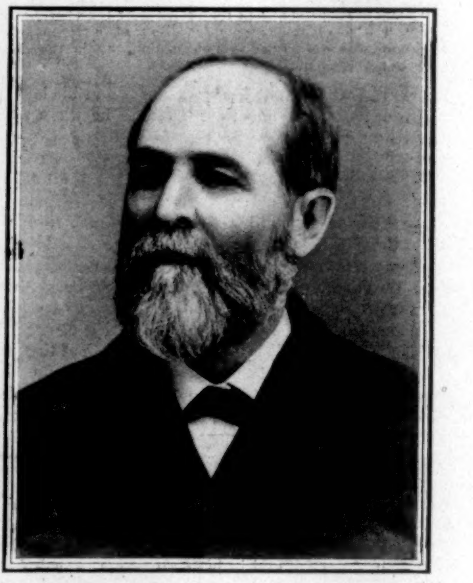
Richard Parks Bland was born in Kentucky on August 19, 1835, and was of a family which had settled in that region before Kentucky had been set apart from Virginia. In Kentucky he attended school as pupil and as teacher; he did not confide his fortunes to Missouri's keeping until 1865, and the intervening years were spent in California Nevada, and Colorado, where he taught, practised law, and fought Indians. In 1869 he opened a law-office in Lebanon, Missouri, establishing his home, memorably, on a beautiful farm near that town. First elected to Congress in 1872, he was re-elected continuously until 1894. Again at the last Congress he resumed his seat in the House, where he was regarded as a leader in the dangerous silver agitation prior to 1896. In the year last mentioned he was one of the prominent candidates for the Presidential nomination by the Democratic convention at Chicago. His defeat was a displacement; the leadership then lost was not recovered.



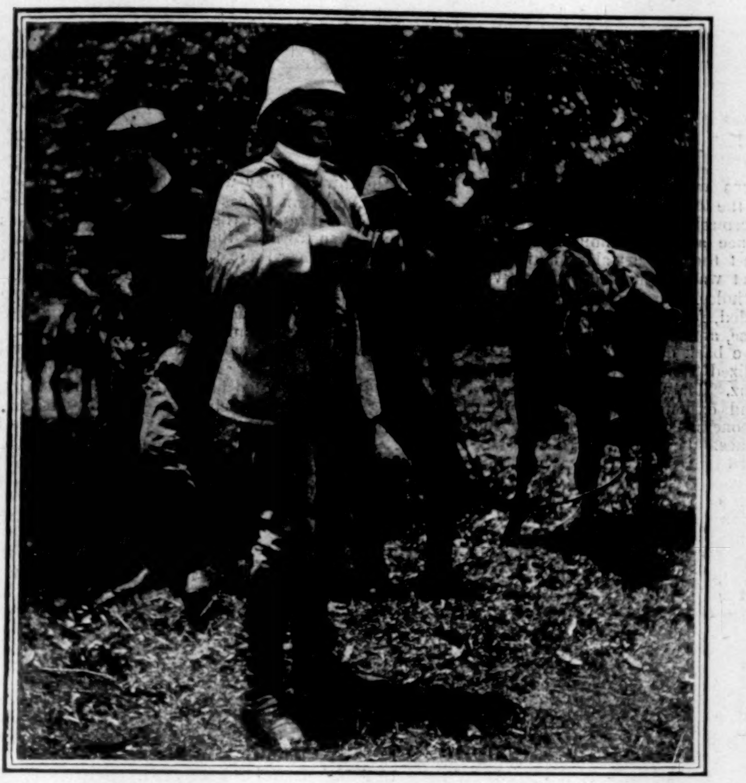
JOHANN STRAUSS,
"The Waltz King."
Born October 25, 1825. Died June 3.



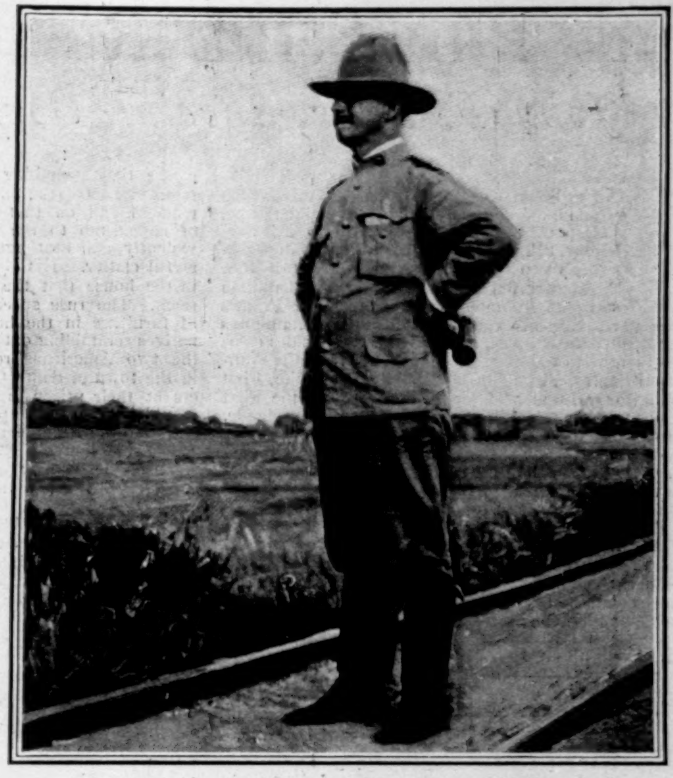
CAPTAIN H. E. NICHOLS, U. S. N.
Commanding U. S. S. "Monadnock."
Died June 10.—[See Page 629.]
Photograph by Bushnell.



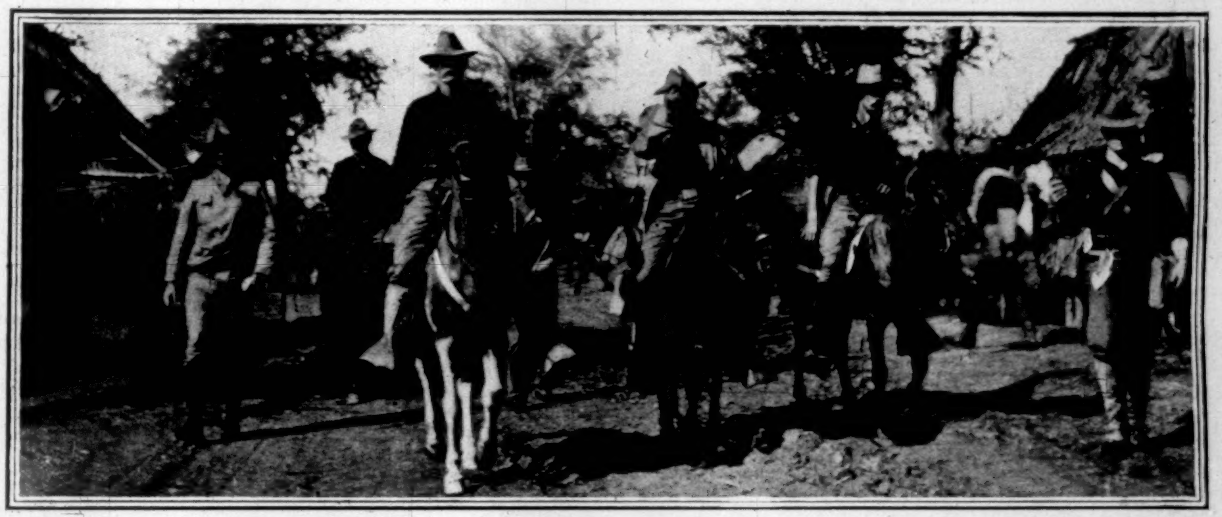
RICHARD PARKS BLAND.
Born August 19, 1835. Died June 15.
Photograph by Bell.



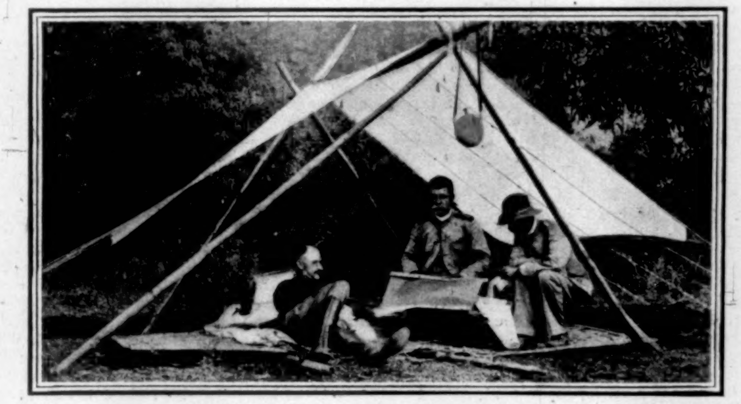
GENERAL LAWTON AT THE BATTLE OF BALIUAG.



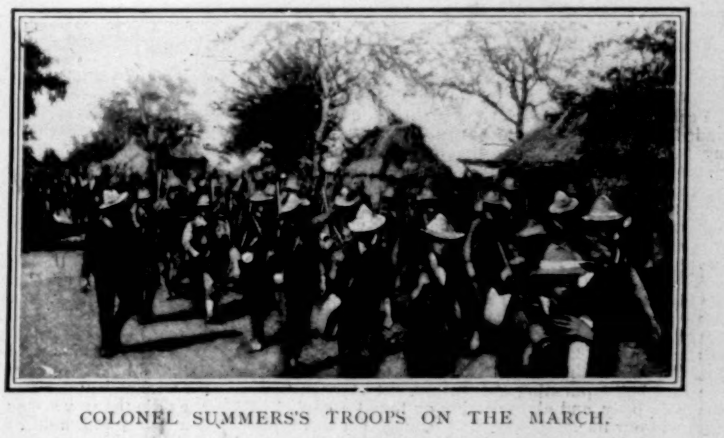
GENERAL MACARTHUR ON THE SKIRMISH-LINE.



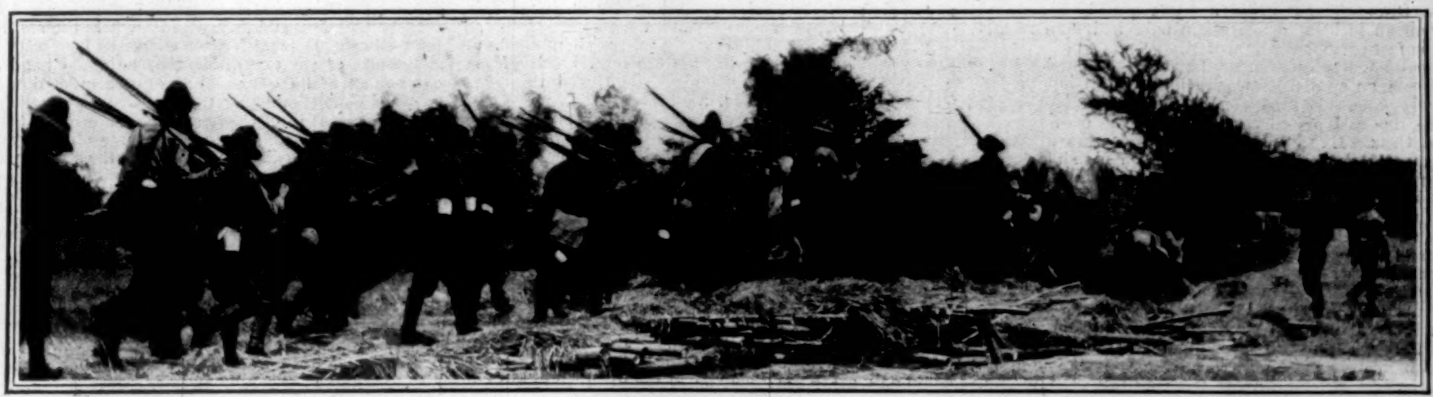
COLONEL SUMMERS AND STAFF LEAVING BALIUAG WITH SIX BATTALIONS.



GENERAL LAWTON IN HIS FIELD HEADQUARTERS AT ANGAT.



COLONEL SUMMERS'S TROOPS ON THE MARCH.



COLONEL SUMMERS'S COMMAND ADVANCING TO THE BATTLE OF MOASIN.

THE PHILIPPINES—WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS FROM BALIUAG TO MOASIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE ISLANDS.—[SEE PAGE 616.]

THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*The Santa Cruz Expedition*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

MANILA, *April 29.*

ON the Santa Cruz expedition General Lawton had under his command the following troops: Captain Gale's squadron of the Fourth Cavalry, 219 men; Captain Hasbrook's and Patton's two battalions of the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, 601 men; Major Lincoln's battalion of the First Idaho Volunteers, 226 men; Major Frane's battalion First North Dakota, 246 men; two mountain-guns under Lieutenant Keehler, Sixth Artillery. Besides these forces there were 200 sharpshooters picked from the Fourteenth Infantry, First North Dakota, First Idaho, First Washington, all under Major Weisenberger of the First Washington. General King was to command the brigade, but as his sickness prevented him from discharging his duties, General Lawton took personal command in the field. The plan was to load these troops on cascos, pull them up the Pasig River with steam-launches late in the afternoon, in order to reach the lake at dusk; to cross the lake during the night under convoy of the three army tinclads; to land southwest of Santa Cruz at dawn, surround the city, and surprise the insurgent garrison into surrender. The nature of the river and the lake prevented the execution of this plan as to time. The Pasig River is very winding, and during the dry season the channel is shallow and narrow. It takes a skilled pilot to steer a single launch up river at this season of the year. It was a herculean task to take launches towing several cascos full of men into the lake. Night caught the expedition still in the river. Launches and cascos ran aground and bumped into one another. Chaos reigned. General Lawton's staff at one time got out into the water to shove his launch off. Had it not been for Captain Grant, in command of the squadron of tinclads, the expedition would not have been able to reach the lake that night. As it was, Captain Grant managed to get the launches and cascos safely on the lake at four in the morning.

Over the beautiful lake the expedition started, and by sunrise not half of the thirty miles to Santa Cruz had been covered.

What an ideal place the Laguna de Bay! The air was much cooler and more bracing than at Manila. As we went eastward the tree-covered hills rose more abruptly along the shore. The heavy growth of tropical vegetation in its perennial greenness gave an indescribable richness to the landscape, which filled one with a languid desire for rest. Here indeed was the paradise for the lazy man. To float about on the lake from village to village, to eat bananas and rice where they grow, to drop a line overboard and add a luscious fish to one's diet, without thought of the morrow or worry or work for one's daily bread—what more could the heart of man want? There was not an officer on the expedition who did not express a desire to have a summer-house on the Laguna de Bay.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the spot was reached where the troops were to land. Santa Cruz was four miles distant, around a promontory. We could just see the steeple of a church and the round white dome of the cathedral, which some took for a great white flag. They were to learn later that the garrison of Santa Cruz had no intention of surrendering. The spot picked for landing was an open field lined with woods.

Lieutenant Franklin, from the *Napadan*, with his rapid-fire guns, shelled the woods, and did it effectively. Such natives as we saw got out with great rapidity. The shells crashed through the groves of palms and bamboo with the slashing sound of a great sword. A drove of horses and carabaos ran about in the field in a distracted way.

Finally the little tug dragging the cascos with the sharpshooters pulled in-shore, and when the water became shallow the cascos were turned adrift, and natives with long poles shoved them towards the shore. When the cascos also ran aground the soldiers jumped out and waded ashore, where they drew up in a long line, waiting for the rest of the troops to land. Some of the cascos got loose and went drifting back, but at last all the troops except the Fourth Cavalry were landed. The latter were to land on the promontory nearer Santa Cruz and fight their way to the left of the line as it advanced. There was a further delay. General King endeavored to land and take charge of the advance, but was too ill to do so.

A few minutes before sunset the line stretching across the plain to the edge of the woods moved forward towards Santa Cruz. On the right wing, in the woods, from the top of a low hill, the insurgents opened fire, and our men, starting up the hill with their usual dash, easily drove them back. In the enthusiasm of the charge this end of the line, hotly pursuing the enemy, got separated from the main body, and night coming on found a gap of half a mile in our line. However, the connection was rapidly made, and the troops bivouacked about two miles out of Santa Cruz. The line did not join quickly enough to prevent an incident which might have had fatal results for the few persons concerned.

Captain Walcut of General Lawton's staff, and private McKenna, on special duty with him, started out to find the firing-line. As it happened, they walked into the gap in the line and passed through down the road towards Santa Cruz. Expecting every minute to run upon the American forces, they came at last to a nipa-hut, where they found an old man and woman. The man was armed with a bolo. They disarmed him, and told him to show them the way to the American lines. The old man willingly enough started out as guide. They moved on rapidly, and soon came to a street lined with houses. They thought this was strange, but as they did not know the way, they followed. In the dark they ran across four insurgents armed with bolos. They covered the natives with their revolvers and disarmed them. Then placing their four prisoners in line and making them join hands, the Americans moved on again. Soon they came into a street where several houses were still lighted within. The prisoners coughed violently, as if to attract attention, and Captain Walcut noticed that there was a great commotion in one of the houses, as if the natives were aware that something was wrong. There was not a moment to be lost, and the captain, picking the most reckless, and on that account perhaps the safest, line of action, ran to the fence about the house, shook it violently, and beat against the house walls, making an awful clatter. His object was to persuade the natives in the house that the whole American army was after them. The ruse succeeded, for there was overturning of furniture in the house, and the captain heard the natives scrambling out the back door. About this time the two Americans realized that they were actually in the town of Santa Cruz. They pointed their revolvers at their prisoners and explained graphically what would happen to the prisoners if they did not show the way into the American lines. Passing into a dark street again, they were challenged by an insurgent sentry. The white clothes of their captives must have saved them from discovery. For although no one answered the challenge, the sentry allowed the group to pass. Soon the end of the town was reached, and moving out into the brush, they found it extremely difficult to keep track of their four prisoners. Private McKenna was in favor of killing them, but Captain Walcut decided to let two go and hold the others. When the two Americans with their prisoners got a little further along, a very important question arose in their minds. It might be very easy to get through the insurgent lines, but how about getting back among their fellow-countrymen. Our pickets were instructed to fire at anything beyond our lines they might see. Captain Walcut and private McKenna stopped to discuss this matter thoroughly. Being well acquainted with the American soldier, they had a wholesome respect for American bullets. While they were talking over the possible means of getting back again without getting shot, a sturdy voice out of the darkness interrupted them:

"Say! you fellows had better quit talkin', and come in sometime before mornin'."

It was an American outpost who had been near enough to them to overhear their discussion. This is how it happened that Captain Walcut and private McKenna brought two Filipino prisoners into camp that night.

Next morning, bright and early, the advance began. There was a river to be crossed before getting into the town of Santa Cruz. Just east of this river, in the town itself, a peninsula juts out into the lake. On this peninsula the Fourth Cavalry landed. The insurgents had built trenches to cut off this point of land from the town, and from the deep earth-works running in front of Santa Cruz on the water side the insurgents could shoot at any one landing on the peninsula. The landing and advance of the Fourth Cavalry was covered by a heavy fire from the boat *Oeste* on the west and the *Laguna* on the east of this neck of land. At 6.30 A.M. the advance-guard of the Fourth Cavalry moved towards the town. Their object was to join on to the left wing of Lawton as it crossed the Santa Cruz river and swing with it into the town. The cavalry squadron met a severe fire, and it was not until 8.30 that the insurgents were driven back into Santa Cruz.

In the mean time, on the right, General Lawton moved down the main road into the town with a long connected firing-line from the shore, which on the right wing was gradually sweeping in back of Santa Cruz to cut off the insurgents' retreat. The general, in a great white hat, towering among his staff, was marching a little in advance of the firing-line, when the discharge of a rifle was heard in the yard of a house next to the road. Several soldiers rushed into the yard, but not in time to prevent two more shots, which came whizzing in the direction of the general. At this moment I came to a break in the hedge where I could see what was going on. A young Filipino was about thirty yards off. He was turning this way and that like an animal at bay, thoroughly frightened. He had a rifle in his hand. It afterwards turned out that this rifle was choked. The soldiers were breaking down the high hedge to get in. Suddenly the Filipino made a run for life. He got through the hedge some way and dashed across an open field. Three shots followed, all of which took effect. The wounded man turned, ran sideways a few paces, lay down on the ground, and a second after was dead. I got a good sight of the whole incident, and so naturally did the Filipino stretch himself along the ground and rest his head upon his arm that I thought he was shamming. An examination a minute later proved that he was dead. There is this difference between the manner in which American and Filipino soldiers die—the American falls in a heap and dies hard; the Filipino stretches himself out, and when dead is always found in some easy attitude, generally with his head on his arms. They die the way a wild animal dies—in just such a position as one finds a deer or an antelope which one has shot in the woods.

The right of the line got a heavy fire at first. This ceased quickly as our men advanced.

At last we came to the river. A bridge about one hundred yards long spanned it. On the farther side of the bridge a strong high stone barricade barred the way. The advance-guard reached the bridge, which was high, and so long as one kept well down on the near side there was no danger of getting shot from the barricade beyond. There was a short delay. More soldiers kept coming up. A sergeant of the Fourteenth Infantry crawled carefully along the stone-work and looked over at the barricade. Was there any one behind it? The sergeant jumped on to the bridge and shouted,

"Come on!"

It was a perilous dash. If there were any insurgents lurking on the other side every man who crossed that bridge would drop. As we looked over the top of the barricade we saw the insurgents disappearing down the road. Our soldiers now swarmed through the river. "Over the barricade and onward!" was the cry. If we could only get to the other side of the town we might cut off the retreat of the insurgents on the water-front. We ran down one street and across another. Five hundred yards off we saw the insurgents making for the opposite side of the town. They were between us and the sea. Then the American forces divided—part of them went right ahead to complete the circuit about the town; the rest went down towards the insurgents near the shore. There was no officer there to tell them; it was just the cool common-sense of the American soldiers that led them to do this. At last the eastern end of the town was reached. A straight road ran down that side of Santa Cruz, and beyond was an open field three-quarters of a mile broad. The insurgents came to this road about the same time we did. There were about 100 of them. Evidently they had retreated before the Fourth Cavalry, not expecting to find us in their rear. They fired down the road at us, and then made for the open. They strung along over the field, while our gunboats turned their Gatlings on them. It was absolute madness to try to get away between the Gatlings of the gunboats and the rifles of our soldiers. The Fourteenth stood about in wonder, and then opened fire. They stopped firing again, and some one said:

"Don't shoot, boys; those men are non-combatants."

But the insurgents, crossing the open at a slow dog-trot, stopped from time to time to fire at our soldiers. We opened fire again. Why did not these men surrender? Heaven only knows. It was an exhibition of stolid heroism, the like of which I shall not see again. These natives trotted slowly across the field, and one by one they stretched out along the ground and lay still, as if in sleep. Some of them were shot through and through, yet they never fell, but slowly stretched themselves out on the ground to die. There seemed to be no great nervous shock, as there is when a civilized man is shot. Some of them escaped to the woods. This merely shows that it is impossible to fill the air so full of bullets that a man or two cannot slip through somewhere. There was no panic in their retreat, and they continued to shoot after they were wounded. One might have supposed that men capable of such courage would have fought it out in their trenches, where they stood a better show. At least over the graves of these men, whose actions we cannot quite understand, should be written the word "heroes." Many of these men wore *ang-ting ang-ting*, or charms to preserve life. One poor boy had a short shirt on covered with cabalistic signs—pictures of saints and devils, with rude imitations of Latin phrases underneath; misspelled, meaningless words, the work of some padre or sacristan, dearly paid for by the victim. Through the crowning glory of that shirt, an elaborate picture of a virgin and some antediluvian beast, a shot passed into the boy's heart.

Santa Cruz was taken intact. Not a house was burned, and there were strict orders against looting. All the furniture and movable property had been taken from the houses. In the trenches were found some wooden imitations of rifles and some little cannon made of iron piping, which might have been children's playthings. These cannon, about a foot and a half long, muzzle-loading, and loaded with slugs, were pathetic indeed to look at.

That night I started back on the *Oeste* for Manila. As day dawned a small canoe came alongside the gunboat. In it was seated an American soldier. He was long from the hips up, and sat bolt-upright. By his side was a rifle, ammunition, and a canteen. He had a long narrow face, high forehead, eagle nose, and big eyes. We all looked at him in wonder.

"Where are you going?" asked Lieutenant Webb.

"Oh," remarked the soldier, in a pleasant conversational tone, "I'm out on a cruise, but I ran short of good water, and thought I would board you."

This man was on an expedition all by himself on the lake, which was filled with small insurgent boats. The American soldier is an unending source of joy.

Exactly what the original plan of the expedition to Laguna de Bay was I am unable to say, but I have reason to believe that it was bound first for Santa Cruz, then along the lake west to Calamba, and finally it was intended closing in from the south to catch the insurgent general Pio del Pilar in Parañaque. As a matter of fact, a division general, at the head of fifteen hundred men, or about half a brigade, was sent out to capture Santa Cruz, and then ordered to desert the place and return to Manila. Incidentally the general captured five launches which were in the hands of the insurgents. After three days' work, the general managed to get these launches over the obstructions and bar at the head of the Santa Cruz River. Aside from the capture of these launches, which were practically valueless to the insurgents, the expedition accomplished nothing except the killing of a few insurgent soldiers. Santa Cruz is one of the richest towns of the interior of Luzon. Its situation is such that it would make an excellent base of supplies for expeditions to the southern provinces. To have occupied this town and garrisoned it would have been an excellent strategical move. To take the place and then withdraw is in the nature of a piratical raid. General Lawton expressed his great regret, at the end of the expedition, that he could not leave a garrison at Santa Cruz. Why he was ordered to withdraw without completing the intended movement seems inexplicable. It is generally supposed, however, that General Otis thought it best to concentrate all his available forces for an immediate move against the strong position of the enemy north of Malolos.

General Lawton, in an interview after the Santa Cruz expedition, said that if the insurgents continued to fight, it would take one hundred thousand American forces to pacify the islands. By this he meant that it would be necessary to leave a garrison in every town we occupied. The fact is that there are not enough soldiers here to enable General Otis to carry on the war with that effective rapidity which is the only humane way to make war. He cannot at present spare a single man for garrison duty in Santa Cruz or any other town we take. With the line around the city to hold and the railway line to protect, he has only enough forces left to continue moving against the insurgent army on the north. It looks as if the war may last for another year.

An English Mother

EVERY week of every season out of English ports go forth,
White of sail or white of trail, east, or west, or south, or north,
Scattering like a flight of pigeons, half a hundred home-sick ships
Bearing half a thousand striplings—each with kisses on his lips
Of some silent mother, fearful lest she show herself too fond,
Giving him to bush or desert as one pays a sacred bond.
Tell us, you who hide your heart-break—Which is sadder when all 's done,
To repine, an English mother, or to roam, an English son?

You who shared your babe's first sorrow when his cheek no longer pressed
On the perfect snow and rose-leaf beauty of your mother-breast;
In the rigor of his nurture, was your woman's mercy mute,
Knowing he was doomed to exile with the savage and the brute?
Did you school yourself to absence, all his adolescent years,
That, though you be torn with parting, he should never see the tears?
Now his ship has left the offing for the many-mouthèd sea,
This your guerdon, empty heart, by empty bed to bend the knee!

And if he be but the latest thus to leave your dwindling board,
Is a sorrow less for being added to a sorrow's hoard?
Is the mother-pain the duller that to-day his brothers stand,
Facing ambuscades of Congo or alarms of Zululand?—
Toil, where blizzards drift the snow like smoke across the plains of death?—
Faint, where tropic fens at morning steam with fever-laden breath?—
Die, that in some distant river's veins the English blood may run—
Mississippi, Yangtze, Ganges, Nile, Mackenzie, Amazon?

Ah! you still must wait and suffer in a solitude untold,
While your sisters of the nations call you passive, call you cold—
Still must scan the news of sailings, breathless, search the slow gazette,
Find the dreaded name . . . and, later, get his blithe farewell! And yet—
Shall the lonely at the hearth-stone shame the legions who have died,
Grudging not the price their country pays for progress and for pride?
—Nay, but England, do not ask us thus to emulate your scars
Until women's tears are reckoned in the budgets of your wars.

New York City. Robert Underwood Johnson.

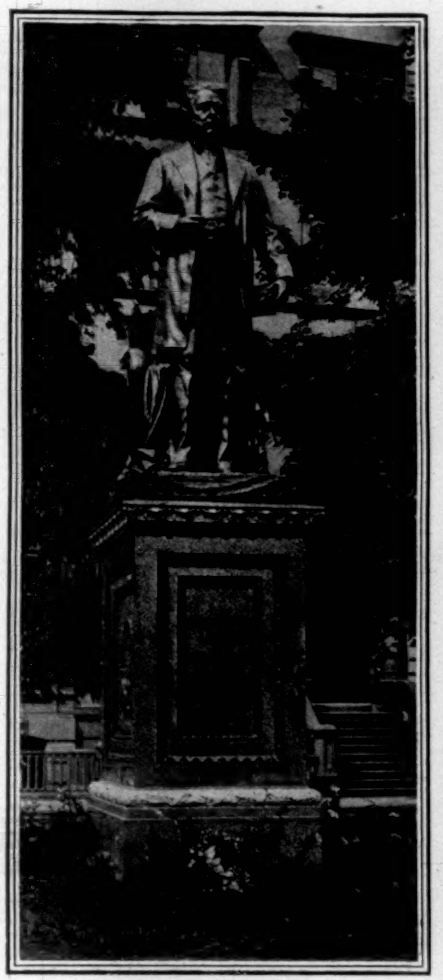
The Mohonk Conference

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

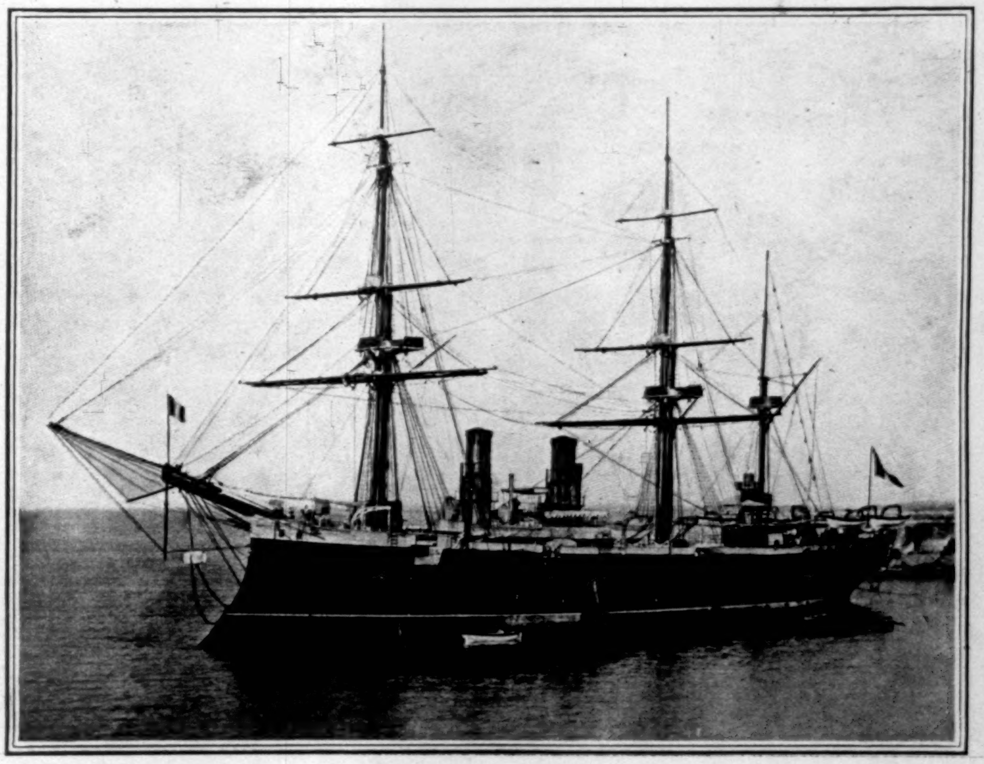
Mohonk Lake, Ulster County, New York, *June 2, 1899.*

SOME things cannot be described, and some places cannot. Mohonk is one of the places, and a Mohonk conference is one of the things. Observe, dear reader, that in the first use of our word thing, it meant a parliament. A Mohonk conference is a parliament. But it differs from the parliament of Carlyle in this, that his parliaments and many others meet to consider everything, and bring together in cars, cabs, vans, or otherwise, many wind-bags. A Mohonk conference is strictly held to one subject; it tries to bring together specialists on that subject, and among them there are few wind-bags—none on purpose, as is in other parliaments. The presence of any is an accident.

The conference of last week is the fifth Mohonk Peace Conference. The company was about a hundred delegates, often accompanied by their wives, who sit with them as a part of the parliament. The law of selection works well. Year by year more and more men of affairs appear, and year by year the president finds that he has not to hold the speakers in hand. It goes without saying that any man of sense wants a chance to speak to such an assembly. Time rules have to be enforced when your session lasts only from Wednesday morning to Friday night. By consequence, the gushes of rhetoric are very few, and the amount of square sense and information given is very large. Senator Edmunds always presides when he is here. Last year, in his absence, Colonel Waring presided. His martyrdom, as I need hardly say, in the great cause to which the conference is pledged, is tenderly remembered by every member.



STATUE OF PRESIDENT CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
Unveiled in Madison Square, New York City, June 13.
George E. Bissell, Sculptor.



THE REHABILITATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS—THE FRENCH CRUISER "SFAX," WHICH IS BRINGING HIM HOME FOR RETRIAL.

Your readers will readily understand that the contemporaneous session of what future ages will regard as the great Eirenical Council of The Hague is the central subject of thought, conversation, and discussion. Now that we know that the American plan is based on the proposal made by the New York Bar Association in the winter of 1863, we know where we are, and we are only afraid that the statesmen at The Hague may get ahead of us. Mr. Logan, the president of the Bar Association, and Mr. Martin Jones, of Rochester, are both here. To these two gentlemen was intrusted by the Bar Association the draft of the original plan now celebrated through the world. Mr. Everett Wheeler, of this State, and several of your judges and those of other States, are present, so that we have legal knowledge and ability of the first rank in the discussions of the permanent tribunal, which have now happily come to be considered not as the dreams of idealists, but as the business of the lawyers.

All the same, the men of commerce have found out, as well as the Czar of Russia, that the "maintenance of general peace is an ideal" towards which their endeavors may well be directed. Not all of them have found this out. The majority, perhaps, are too busy in cutting off coupons. But we have had speeches from Mr. William J. Coombs, of Brooklyn, the only merchant in Congress, from General Barnes of Brooklyn, from Edward Atkinson and Samuel Capen, of Boston, on the part, seen and unseen, which the commerce of the world and the finance of empire have to play in the great symphony of peace. What if it should prove that the whispers of Rothschilds and Belmonts are written in sympathetic ink between the lines of the formal documents laid before the tribunal of The Hague?

The committee indicates every morning the line of remark which it wishes the speakers to consider. It is taken for granted now that the world will insist on creating a permanent tribunal. To compare the different methods proposed, to lay out squarely the difficulties, and, on the other hand, to express the prospects and hopes for the future—these have been the subjects assigned for different sessions. Of course they overlap each other. But the comparison of notes of information, of hopes, and of fears is intensely interesting.

And it is easy to see that two hundred men and women of the first intelligence will go home from this conference to-morrow much better prepared than when they came here, to lead the public opinion of all parts of the United States in favor of The Hague treaties when they shall be formed.

The leaders of the conference are the brothers Smiley, at whose invitation it is called, Judge Edmunds, Mr. Logan and Mr. Jones, Judge Gilbert, Judge Ashman, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Mr. George G. Mercer, and an executive committee of ten from all parts of the nation. From the press of the country we have Colonel Church of the *Army and Navy Journal*, William H. Ward, Lyman Abbot, Major Bright, Mr. Wells of the *Christian Endeavor*, and myself of the *Peace Crusade*. Several distinguished clergymen have spoken, and the cities of Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore are represented by formal delegations.

I enclose the testimony or programme agreed upon at the close of the conference.

PLATFORM OF THE FIFTH ANNUAL LAKE MOHONK ARBITRATION CONFERENCE

We urge the establishment of a permanent international court, which shall be open to all nations, for the adjudication of whatever controversies may arise between them, and which they are unable to settle by diplomacy of mediation.

In the constitution of this court we urge the application of the same principles which experience has shown to be most conducive to the ends of justice in judicial controversies among individuals.

In this highest of human tribunals, the judges should be selected solely for their recognized ability, learning, and impartiality.

During the past few years the cause of arbitration has made wonderful progress. Since our last meeting, the treaty between Italy and Argentina has been negotiated. This marks a great advance over all former arbitration treaties in that it provides for the settlement of all disputes that may arise between them, questions of honor not being excepted.

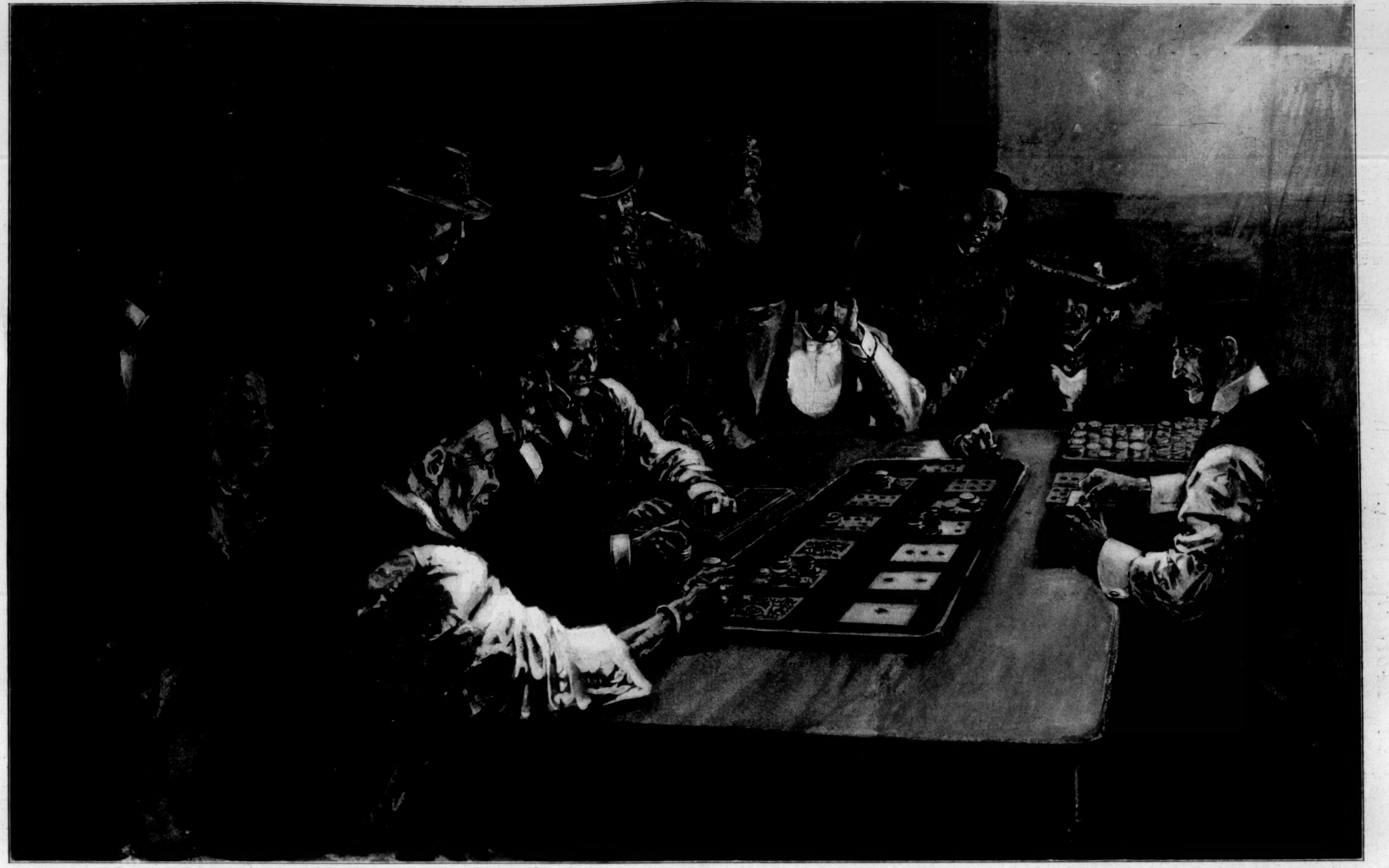
Within the past year another event of transcendent importance has occurred, in the summoning by the Czar of Russia of a great international conference to consider how war may be avoided and its burdens alleviated. This conference at The Hague marks an epoch in the history of the world. It is the first great step toward the federated peace of the world. The Czar is entitled to gratitude and respectful admiration for his noble initiative.

Earnestly do we hope that the work so auspiciously begun at The Hague will go forward, until at last, and at no distant day, the peace of the world shall rest on the sure foundation of justice, and nations be relieved from the wellnigh intolerable burdens of war.

We must not forget, however, that the work of that conference is only preliminary, and that the results of its deliberations must be submitted for ratification to the several governments there represented.

We therefore here earnestly resolve to do what we can to promote popular intelligence and quicken the popular conscience, to the end that when this subject comes before our representatives at Washington there shall be no doubt as to what the people demand in this time of supreme opportunity.

We believe that the gratifying progress already made, and the inspiring hopes which we confidently entertain for the future, are because men are learning the moral righteousness of peace, and because God rules the world.



A FARO GAME AT EL PASO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 633.]

A Curious Coincidence.

By E. F. Benson

LUXOR, as most of those who have been there will allow, is a singularly charming place, and boasts many attractions for the traveller, chief among which they will reckon an excellent hotel, containing a billiard-room, a garden fit for the gods to sit in, any quantity of visitors, at least a weekly dance on board a tourist steamer, quail-shooting, a climate as of Avilion, and a number of stupendously ancient monuments for those archæologically inclined. But to certain others, few indeed in number, but fanatically convinced of their own orthodoxy, the charm of Luxor, like some Sleeping Beauty, only wakes when these things cease—when the hotel has grown empty, and the billiard-marker has gone for a long rest to Cairo; when the decimated quail and the decimating tourist have fled northwards, and the Theban plain, Danaë to a tropical sun, is a gridiron across which no man would willingly make a journey by day, not even if Queen Hatasoo herself should call his name from the terrace of Deir-el-Bahari. A suspicion, however, that the fanatic few—for in other respects they were men of estimable opinions—might be right, induced me to examine their convictions for myself, and thus it came about that two years ago certain days toward the beginning of June saw me still there, a confirmed convert.

Much tobacco and the length of summer days had assisted us to the analysis of the charm of which summer in the south is possessed, and Weston, one of the earliest of the elect, and myself had discussed it at some length. Though we reserved as the principal ingredient a nameless something which baffled the chemist, and must be felt to be understood, we were easily able to detect certain other drugs of sight and sound, which, we were agreed, contributed to the whole. A few of them are here subjoined:

The waking in the warm darkness just before dawn to find that the desire for stopping in bed fails with the awakening.

The ferrying start across the Nile with our horses, who, like us, stand and sniff at the incredible sweetness of the coming morning, without apparently finding it less wonderful in repetition.

The moment, infinitesimal in duration, but infinite in sensation, just before the sun rises, when the gray shrouded river is struck suddenly out of darkness and becomes a sheet of green bronze.

The rose flush, rapid as a change of color in some chemical combination, which shoots across the sky from east to west, followed immediately by the sunlight, which catches the peaks of the western hills and flows down like some luminous liquid.

The stir and whisper which go through the world—a breeze springs up; a lark soars and sings; the boatman shouts, "Yallah! yallah!" the horses toss their heads.

The subsequent ride.

The subsequent breakfast on our return.

The subsequent absence of anything to do.

At sunset the ride into the desert, thick with the odor of warm barren sand, which smells like nothing else in the world, for it smells of nothing at all.

The starry curtain of the tropical night.

Camel's milk.

Converse with the fellahin, who are the most charming and least accountable people on the face of the earth, except when tourists are about, and when in consequence there is no thought but backsheesh.

Lastly, and with this we are concerned, the possibility of remarkable experiences.

The beginning of the things which make this tale occurred four days ago, when Abdul Ali, the oldest man in the village, died suddenly, full of days and riches. Both, so we thought, had probably been somewhat exaggerated, but his relations affirmed constantly that he had as many years as he had English pounds, and that each was a hundred. The apt roundness of these numbers was incontestable, the thing was too neat to be true, and not before he had been dead for twenty-four hours was it a matter of orthodoxy. But that which turned an event which must soon have been inevitable into a source of blank dismay instead of pious resignation to his relations was that not one of these English pounds, not even their shady equivalent in notes—which, out of the tourist season, are looked upon at Luxor as but a doubtful variety of philosopher's stone, though certainly capable of producing gold under favorable circumstances—could be found. Abdul Ali with his hundred years was dead, his century of sovereigns—they might as well have been an annuity—were dead with him, and his son Mohammed, who had previously enjoyed a sort of brevet rank in anticipation of the event, was considered to be throwing far more dust in the air than the genuine affection even of a chief mourner wholly justified.

Abdul, it is to be feared, was not a man of stereotyped respectability. He drank wine whenever he could get it; he ate food during the days of Ramadan, scornful of the fast, when his appetite desired it; he was supposed to have the evil-eye, and in his last moments he was attended by the notorious Achmet, who is well known here to have practised black magic, and has been suspected of the much meaner crime of robbing the bodies of those lately dead. For in Egypt, while to despoil the bodies of ancient kings and priests is a privilege for which advanced and learned societies vie with one another, to rob the bodies of those lately dead is considered the deed of a dog. Mohammed, who soon exchanged the throwing of dust in the air for the more natural mode of expressing chagrin, which is to gnaw the nails, told us in confidence that he suspected Achmet of having learned the *cache* his father's money was in; but it appeared that Achmet had as blank a face as anybody when his patient, who was striving to make some communication with him, went out into silence, and the suspicion that he knew where the money was gave way in the minds of the heirs of Abdul to a but dubious regret that he had not found out.

So Abdul died and was buried, and we all went to the funeral, at which feast we ate more roast meat than one naturally desires at five in a tropical afternoon, in consequence of which Weston and I, not requiring dinner, stopped at home after our return from the ride into the desert, and talked to Mohammed, Abdul's son, and Hussein, Abdul's youngest grandson, a boy of about twenty, who is also our valet, cook, and house-maid. They together wofully narrated of the money that was and is not, and told us scandalous tales about Achmet and his weakness for cemeteries. They drank coffee and smoked—for though Hussein was our servant, we had been that day the guests of his father—and shortly after they had gone, up came Machmout.

Machmout, who says he thinks he is twelve, but does not know for certain, is kitchen-maid, groom, and gardener. He has to an extraordinary degree some occult power resembling clairvoyance. Weston, who is a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and the tragedy of whose life has been the detected fraudulence of Eusapia Palladino, says that it is all thought-reading, and has made notes of many of Machmout's performances, which may subsequently turn out to be of interest. Thought-reading, however, does not seem to me to fully explain the phenomena which followed Abdul's funeral, and with Machmout I have to put them down to white magic, which should be a very inclusive term, or to pure coincidence, which is even more inclusive, and will cover all the inexplicable circumstances of the world, taken singly. The method of procedure is simple, being the ink mirror known by name to many, and it is as follows:

A little black ink is poured into the palm of Machmout's hand; or, as ink has been at a premium lately, owing to the last post-boat from Cairo which contained stationery for us having stuck on a sand bank, a small piece of black American cloth about an inch in diameter is found to be a perfect substitute. Upon this he gazes. After five or ten minutes his shrewd monkeylike expression is struck from his face, his eyes wide open remain fixed on the cloth, a complete rigidity sets in over his muscles, and he tells us of the curious things he sees. In whatever position he is, in that position he remains, without the deflection of a hair's-breadth, until the ink is washed off or the cloth removed. Then he looks up and says, "Khalás," which means, "It is finished."

We only engaged Machmout's services as second general domestic a fortnight ago, but the first evening he was with us he came up stairs when he had finished his work, and said, "I will show you white magic; give me ink," and proceeded to describe the front hall of our house in London, saying that there were two horses at the door, and that a man and woman soon came out, gave the horses each a piece of bread, and mounted. The thing was so probable that by the next mail I wrote asking my mother to note exactly what she was doing, and where, at half past five (English time) on the evening of June 12. At the corresponding time in Egypt Machmout was describing, speaking to us of a "sitt" (lady) having tea in a room, which he described with some minuteness, and I am waiting anxiously for her letter. The explanation which Weston gives of these phenomena is that a certain picture of people I know is present in my mind, though I may not be aware of it—present to my subliminal self, I think, he says—and that I give an unspoken suggestion to the hypnotized Machmout. My explanation is that there isn't any explanation, for no suggestion on my part would make my brother go out for a ride at the moment when Machmout says he is doing so (if indeed we find that Machmout's visions are chronologically correct), and that I am prepared to believe anything. Weston, however, does not speak quite so calmly or scientifically about Machmout's last performance, and since it took place he has almost entirely ceased to urge me to become a member of the Society for Psychical Research, in order that I may no longer be hide-bound by vain superstitions.

Machmout will not exercise these powers if his own folk are present, for he says that when he is in this state, if a man who knows black magic was in the room, or knew that he was practising white magic, he could get the spirit who presides over the black magic to kill the Spirit of White Magic, for the black magic is the more potent, and the two are foes. And as the Spirit of White Magic is on occasions a powerful friend—he has before now befriended Machmout in a manner which I consider incredible—the boy is very desirous that he should abide long with him. But Englishmen, it appears, do not know the black magic, so with us he is safe. The Spirit of Black Magic, to speak with whom is death, Machmout saw once "between heaven and earth and night and day," so he phrases it, on the Karnak road. He may be known, he told us, by the fact that he is of paler skin than his people, that he has two long teeth, one in each corner of his mouth, and that his eyes, which are white all over, are as big as the eyes of a horse.

Machmout squatted himself comfortably in the corner, and I gave him the piece of black American cloth. As some minutes must elapse before he gets into the hypnotic state in which the visions begin, I strolled out on to the balcony for coolness. It was the hottest night we had yet had, and though the sun had set three hours, the thermometer marked 105 degrees. Above, the sky seemed veiled with gray, where it should have been dark velvety blue, and a fitful puffing wind from the south threatened three days of the sandy intolerable khamsin wind. A little way up the street to the left was a small café, in front of which were waxing and waning little glowworm specks of light from the water-pipes of Arabs sitting out there in the dark. From inside came the click of brass castanets in the hands of some dancing-girl, sounding sharp and precise against the wailing bagpipe music of the strings and pipes which accompanied these movements, which Arabs love and Europeans think so unpleasing. Eastwards the sky was paler and luminous, for the moon was imminently rising, and even as I looked the red rim of the enormous disk cut the line of the desert; and on the instant, with a curious aptness, one of the Arabs outside the café broke out into that wonderful chant:

> I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O full moon!
> Far is thy throne over Mecca—slip down, O beloved, to me!

Immediately afterwards I heard the piping monotone of Machmout's voice begin, and I went inside.

We have found that the experiments gave the quickest result by contact—a fact which confirmed Weston in his explanation of them by thought-transferrence of some elaborate kind, which, I confess, I cannot understand. He was writing at a table in the window when I came in, but looked up.

"Take his hand," he said; "at present he is quite incoherent."

"Do you explain that?" I asked.

"It is closely analogous, so Myers thinks, to talking in sleep. He has been saying something about a tomb. Do make a suggestion, and see if he responds. He is remarkably sensitive, and he responds quicker to you than to me. Probably Abdul's funeral suggested the tomb."

A sudden thought struck me.

"Hush!" I said; "I want to listen."

Machmout's head was thrown a little back, and he held the hand in which was the piece of cloth rather above his face. As usual, he was talking very slowly, and in a high staccato voice, absolutely unlike his usual tones.

"On one side of the grave," he piped, "is an attl [tamarisk] tree, and the green beetles make fantasia about it. On the other side is a mud wall. There are many other graves about, but they are all asleep. This is the grave, because it is awake, and is moist and not sandy."

"I thought so," said Weston. "It is Abdul's grave he is talking about."

"There is a red moon sitting on the desert," continued Machmout, "and it is now. There is the puffing of khamsin, and much dust coming. The moon is red because of dust and because it is low."

"Still sensitive to external conditions," said Weston. "That is rather curious. Pinch him, will you?"

I pinched Machmout; I might as well have pinched the moon.

"In the last house of the street and in the doorway stands a man. Ah! ah!" cried the boy, suddenly. "It is the black magic he knows. Don't let him come. He is going out of the house," he shrieked; "he is coming—no, he is going the other way, towards the moon and the grave. He has the black magic with him, which can raise the dead, and he has a murdering knife, and a spade. I cannot see his face, for the black magic is between it and my eyes."

Weston had got up, and, like me, was hanging on Machmout's words.

"We will go there," he said. "There is an opportunity of testing this. Listen a moment."

"He is walking, walking, walking," piped Machmout. "Still walking to the moon and the grave. The moon sits no longer on the desert, but has sprung up a little way."

I pointed out of the window.

"That, at any rate, is true," I said.

Weston took the cloth out of Machmout's hand, and the piping ceased. In a moment he stretched himself and rubbed his eyes.

"Khalás!" he said.

"Yes, it is khalás."

"Did I tell you of the sitt in England?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes," I answered; "thank you, little Machmout. The white magic was very good to-night. Get you to bed."

Machmout trotted obediently out of the room, and Weston closed the door after him.

"We must be quick," he said. "It is worth while going and giving the thing a chance, though I wish he had seen something less grewsome. The odd thing is that he was not at the funeral and yet he describes the grave accurately. What do you make of it?"

"I make that the white magic has shown Machmout that somebody with black magic is going to Abdul's grave, perhaps to rob it," I answered, resolutely.

"What are we to do when we get there?"

"See the black magic at work. Personally I am in a blue funk. So are you."

"There is no such thing as black magic," said Weston. "Ah, I have it. Give me that orange." Weston rapidly skinned it, and cut from the rind two circles as big as a five-shilling piece, and two long white fangs of skin. The first two he fixed in his eyes, the two latter in the corners of his mouth.

"The Spirit of Black Magic?" I asked.

"The same."

He took up a long black burnoose and wrapped it round him. Even in the bright lamp-light the Spirit of Black Magic was a sufficiently terrific personage.

"I don't believe in black magic," he said, "but others do. If it is necessary to put a stop to—to anything that is going on, we will hoist the man on his own petard. Come along. Who do you suspect it is—I mean, of course, who was the person you were thinking of when your thoughts were transferred to Machmout."

"What Machmout said," I answered, "suggested Achmet to me."

Weston indulged in a laugh of scientific incredulity, and we set off.

The moon, as Machmout had told us, was just clear of the horizon; and as it rose higher, its color, at first red and sombre like the blaze of some distant conflagration, paled to a tawny yellow. The hot wind from the south, blowing no longer fitfully, but with a steady increasing violence, was thick with sand, and of incredibly scorching heat, and the tops of the palm-trees in the garden of the deserted hotel on the right were lashing to and fro with a harsh rattle of dry leaves. The cemetery lay on the outskirts of the village, and as long as our way lay between the mud walls of the huddling street the wind came to us only as the heat from behind closed furnace doors. Every now and then, with a whisper and whistle rising into a great buffeting flap, a sudden whirlwind of dust would scour some twenty yards along the road, and then break like a shore-quenched wave against one or other of the mud walls, or throw itself heavily against a house and fall in a shower of sand. But, once free of obstructions, we were opposed to the full heat and blast of the wind, which blew full in our teeth. It was the first bad khamsin of the year, and for the moment I wished I had gone north with the tourist and the quail and the billiard-marker, for khamsin filches the marrow out of the bones and turns the body to blotting-paper. We passed no one in the street, and the only sound we heard, except the wind, was the howling of moon-struck dogs.

The cemetery is surrounded by a tall mud built wall, and sheltering for a few moments under this, we discussed our movements. The row of tamarisks close to which the tomb lay marched in pairs through the centre of the graveyard, and by skirting the wall outside and climbing softly over where they approached it, the fury of the wind might help us to get near the grave without being seen, if any one happened to be there. We had just decided on this, and were moving on to put the scheme into execution, when the wind dropped for a moment, and in the silence we could hear the chump of a spade being driven into the earth, and, what gave me a sudden thrill of intimate horror, the cry of the carrion-feeding hawk from the dusty sky just overhead.

Two minutes later we were creeping up in the shade of the tamarisks to where Abdul had been buried. The great green beetles which live on the trees were flying about blindly, and twice or thrice one dashed into my face with a whir of mail-clad wings. When we were within some twenty yards of the grave we stopped for a moment, and looking cautiously out from our shelter, saw the figure of a man, already waist-deep in the earth, digging out the newly turned grave. Weston, who was standing behind me, had adjusted the characteristics of the Spirit of Black Magic, so as to be ready for emergencies, and turning round suddenly and finding myself unawares face to face with that realistic impersonation, though my nerves are not precariously strong, I could have found it within me to shriek aloud. But that unsympathetic man of iron only shook with suppressed laughter, and holding the orange-peel eyes in his hand, motioned me forward again, without speaking, to where the trees grew thicker, and not ten yards away from the grave.

There we waited, I suppose, for some five minutes, while the man, whom we saw to be Achmet, toiled on at his impious task. He was entirely naked, and his brown skin glistened with the dews of exertion. At times he chattered in a cold uncanny manner to himself, and once or twice he stopped for breath. Then he began scraping the earth away with his hands, and soon afterwards searched in his clothes, which were lying near, for a piece of rope, with which he stepped into the grave, and in a moment reappeared again with both ends in his hands. Then, standing astride the grave, he pulled strongly, and one end of the coffin appeared above the ground. He chipped a piece of the lid away to make sure that he had the right end, and then, setting it upright, wrenched off the lid with his knife, and there faced us the small shrivelled shape of the dead Abdul, swathed like a baby in white.

I was just about to motion the Spirit of Black Magic to make his appearance, when Machmout's words came into my head, "He has with him the black magic, which can raise the dead," and sudden overwhelming curiosity which froze disgust and horror into chill unfeeling things came over me.

"Wait," I whispered to Weston. "He will use the black magic."

Again the wind dropped for a moment, and again in the silence that came with it I heard the chiding of the hawk overhead—this time nearer, and there were more birds than one.

Achmet meantime had taken the covering from off the face and had undone the swathing-band, which at the moment after death is bound round the head to close the jaw, and which the Arabs always leave there, and from where we stood I could see that the jaw dropped when the bandage was untied, as if, though the wind blew towards us with a ghastly scent of mortality on it, the muscles were not even now set, though the man had been dead sixty hours. But still a rank and burning curiosity to see what this unclean soul would do next clothed all other feelings in my mind. He seemed not to notice, or, at any rate, to disregard, that mouth gaping awry, and moved about nimbly in the moonlight.

He took from a pocket of his clothes, which were lying near, two small blue objects, which now are safely embedded in the mud at the bottom of the Nile, and rubbed them briskly together. By degrees they grew luminous with a sickly yellow pallor of light, and from his hands went up a wavy phosphorescent flame. One of these cubes he placed in the open mouth of the corpse, the other in his own, and taking the dead man closely in his arms, as though he would indeed dance with death, he breathed long breaths from his mouth into that corrupting cavern which was pressed to his. Suddenly he started back with a quick-drawn breath of wonder, and perhaps of horror, and stood for a space as if irresolute, for the cube which the dead man held, instead of lying loosely in the jaw, was pressed tight between clinched teeth. After a moment of irresolution he stepped back quickly to his clothes again, and took up from near them the knife with which he had stripped off the coffin lid, and holding this in one hand behind his back, with the other he took out the cube from the dead man's mouth, though with a visible exhibition of force, and spoke.

"Abdul," he said, "I am your friend, and I swear I will give your money to Mohammed if you will tell me where it is."

Certain I am that the lips of the dead moved, and the eyelids fluttered for a moment like the wings of a wounded bird, but at that sight the horror so grew on me that I was physically incapable of stifling the cry that rose to my lips, and Achmet turned round. Next moment the complete Spirit of Black Magic glided out of the shade of the trees and towered before him. The wretched man stood for a moment without stirring, then turning with shaking knees to flee, he stepped back and fell into the grave he had just opened.

Weston turned on me angrily, dropping the eyes and the teeth of the Afrit.

"You spoiled it all," he cried. "It would perhaps have been the most interesting . . ." and his eyes lighted on the dead Abdul, who peered open-eyed from the coffin, then swayed, tottered, and fell forward, face downwards, on the ground close to him. For one moment he lay there, and then the body rolled slowly on to its back, without visible cause for movement, and lay staring into the sky. The face was covered with dust, but with the dust was mingled fresh blood. A nail had caught the cloth that wound him, underneath which, as usual, were the clothes in which he had died, for the Arabs do not wash their dead, and it had torn a great rent through them all, leaving the right shoulder bare.

Weston strove to speak once, but failed. Then, "I will go and inform the police," he said, "if you will stop here and see that Achmet does not get out."

But this I altogether refused to do, and after covering the body with the coffin to protect it from the hawks, we secured Abdul's arms with the rope he had already used that night, and took him off to Luxor.

Next morning Mohammed came to see us.

"I thought Achmet knew where the money was," he said, exultantly.

"Where was it?"

"In a little purse tied round the shoulder. The dog had already begun stripping the body. See!" and he brought it out of his pocket; "it is all there, in those English notes, five pounds each, and there are twenty-five of them. His money was even greater than his years."

Our conclusion was slightly different, for even Weston will allow that Achmet hoped to learn from dead lips the secret of the treasure, and then to kill the man anew and bury him. But that is pure conjecture.

The only other point of interest lies in the two black cubes which we picked up, and found to be graven with curious characters. These I put one evening into Machmout's hand when he was exhibiting to us his curious powers of "thought-transferrence." The effect was that he screamed aloud, crying out that the black magic had come, and though I did not feel certain about that, I thought they would be safer in mid-Nile. Weston grumbled a little, and said that he had wanted to take them to the British Museum, but that, I feel sure, was an afterthought.

A Queen's Charity

WE hear less about Portugal than about Spain at any time, and of late have heard less than usual. The Queen of Portugal is a sovereign deserving a long mark for her interest in hospitals and hygiene, and also in the welfare of the children of poverty. At Alcantara she founded, in 1893, a dispensary peculiarly for meeting the demands of childish invalids, as pleasantly situated as possible, and spaciously planned, combining a diet-kitchen, consultation-rooms, surgical halls, and much of the departmental work of a hospital. Almost every day the Queen herself goes to the establishment and takes a personal share in the labors of the charity—now waiting in the kitchen distributions, and again assisting in the surgery. Several well-known women of her court are equally practical. The general charge of it is committed to a religious order, a favorite of the Queen's, but the eminent Portuguese physician, Dr. Silva Carvalho, heads the staff of medical workers. In one year (1895) there were given in the building 8559 consultations, 63,704 rations from the diet-kitchen, 32,521 bandagings, 76,480 prescriptions, and 470 vaccinations. The milk and vegetables are furnished gratis by the Queen, and the medical supplies are also defrayed by her. Fifteen hundred babies were treated in one twelvemonth. It is said that there is not any royal charity of the sort in Europe so efficiently managed, with the additional active co-operation of the founder.

LONDON

June 3, 1899.

THE brightest time for London in the whole year is the fortnight between the Derby and Ascot races. London grows in favor as an international pleasure centre. Foreigners flock to London for a holiday who formerly went to Paris; and the foreigner is in welcome evidence everywhere. At the beginning of June British weather is on its good behavior. The parks are gay with flowers, and foliage has not lost its spring freshness. From early morning "Rotten Row" is full of riders. The "Liver Brigade," as the eight-o'clock equestrians are styled, is larger than ever, and priceless hacks ridden by modern millionaires are as common as blackberries. Pretty girls gallop up and down "the ladies' mile" to get an appetite for breakfast, and to shake off the fatigues of last night's ball. Everybody in the West End of the town seems to be in continual fête, and the serious side of life falls into the background. English statesmen, unlike ministers in France or Russia, are in society, and social claims during May, June, and July take up all the time they can spare from their public duties. Many important affairs of state are arranged at brilliant gatherings in private houses or during Saturday to Monday hospitalities in country houses within reach of town. Historic decisions on matters of high policy, which are popularly believed to be settled secretly in Downing Street by overworked ministers, are really made under more pleasant conditions and amid less conventional surroundings.

A GREAT deal of interest is aroused in both political and financial circles by the appeal for assistance now being made by Russia in the London money-market. For many years to come Russia will require large financial resources to carry out her vast plans for railway development in China, Persia, and Siberia. Unless London comes to the help of M de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, the building of these railways, which bulk so largely in the scaremonger's eyes, is likely to be postponed for an indefinite period. It seems odd that Russia should come to London to borrow money for the advancement of schemes which are openly designed to thwart the political and commercial interests of England and the United States in the Far East. It is unusual, to say the least of it, to invite prospective victims to subscribe for the expenses of their own interment. The only ground on which the application is to be justified is the cosmopolitan character of modern finance, which knows neither country nor patriotism. Every shilling subscribed in England or America for the building of Russia's strategic lines in Asia will be used against them. The spirit in which that portion of the Russian government which is hostile to Anglo-Saxon development administers the affairs of the interior of the empire and will administer the Far East, is shown in the arrest and exile of thousands of students, and in the closing of nearly all the principal universities and colleges in Russia.

IF Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton universities were closed after the male students had been clubbed and cowhided by Irish policemen, and if the prisons of New York and Boston were full to overflowing of incarcerated American college men, we should have an exact equivalent of what has recently taken place in Russia in consequence of the quarrel between the students of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and Odessa and the Minister of Education in the Interior. The latter, M. Goremykine, is strongly denounced by the excellent Russian correspondent of the *Times*. I have had the pleasure of meeting M. Goremykine, and have found him to be a man of humane ideas, but strongly imbued with the mediæval doctrines associated with the name of M. Pobedonostseff. To represent M. Goremykine and M. Bogolepoff as "stupid" seems to me as unjust as it is inaccurate. They may be brutal in their methods, but it is impossible fairly to describe them as "stupid." On the contrary, M. Goremykine has a definite idea, which he pursues with vigor and purpose. He is hostile to education.

THE power of the Tsar system rests on the ignorance of the people. Dissipate ignorance, and the power of ministers disappears like cigarette smoke. The immense recent annexations of Russia obviously increase the demand for educated administrators. There is, therefore, sharp contradiction between the policy of annexation and the policy of educational repression. From Moscow alone 2160 students have been expelled. The other universities, teaching institutions, and polytechnic schools have suffered in the same way. Thirty thousand students at this moment are debarred in Russia from pursuing their education. The effect of banishing these students from their studies is to maim Russian administration for many years to come. Still, no one can deny that the policy of publicly horsewhipping the undergraduate population and of divorcing thousands of law-abiding students from their studies is in strict accordance with the policy pursued by the Russian government in destroying the Finnish constitution, and in the official persecution of the Jewish subjects of the Tsar. The social welfare and political stability of the future Russian state are visibly undermined by the Pobedonostseff policy, and no efforts of M. Muravieff and his diplomatic subordinates in the Asiatic department of the Foreign Office to acquire vast territories at the expense of England or of China are likely to atone for losses involved in following the advice of the modern Torquemada. But it is scarcely fair to describe his ministerial instruments as "stupid."

THE meeting between Mr. Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner is not regarded hopefully in South-African circles. One of the principal mining magnates, who knows President Kruger intimately, informs me that his Honor's willingness to discuss all matters not connected with the independence of the South-African republic is misleading. Little dialectical skill is required to bring all the demands of the Uitlanders within the proscribed limit. President Kruger, for example, may argue, with a show of reason, that he cannot discuss the dynamite question, because the manufacture of dynamite and other explosives is a matter directly affecting the defence, and therefore the independence, of the republic. In like manner no negotiations on the subject of franchise are possible, because the concession of the enlarged franchise, or reversion to the electoral conditions that existed at the time of the London convention, would menace the independence of the Transvaal, because the first use that would be made by the Uitlanders of the powers sought for would be to dispossess President Kruger of office and to replace his government by rulers in sympathy with the alien population. Even as regards the purity of the High Court, President Kruger may plead that he is unable to take action, because it is necessary to protect the burghers against their foreign enemies by securing the loyalty of all salaried officers of the republic, and that self-preservation is a higher law than judicial independence.

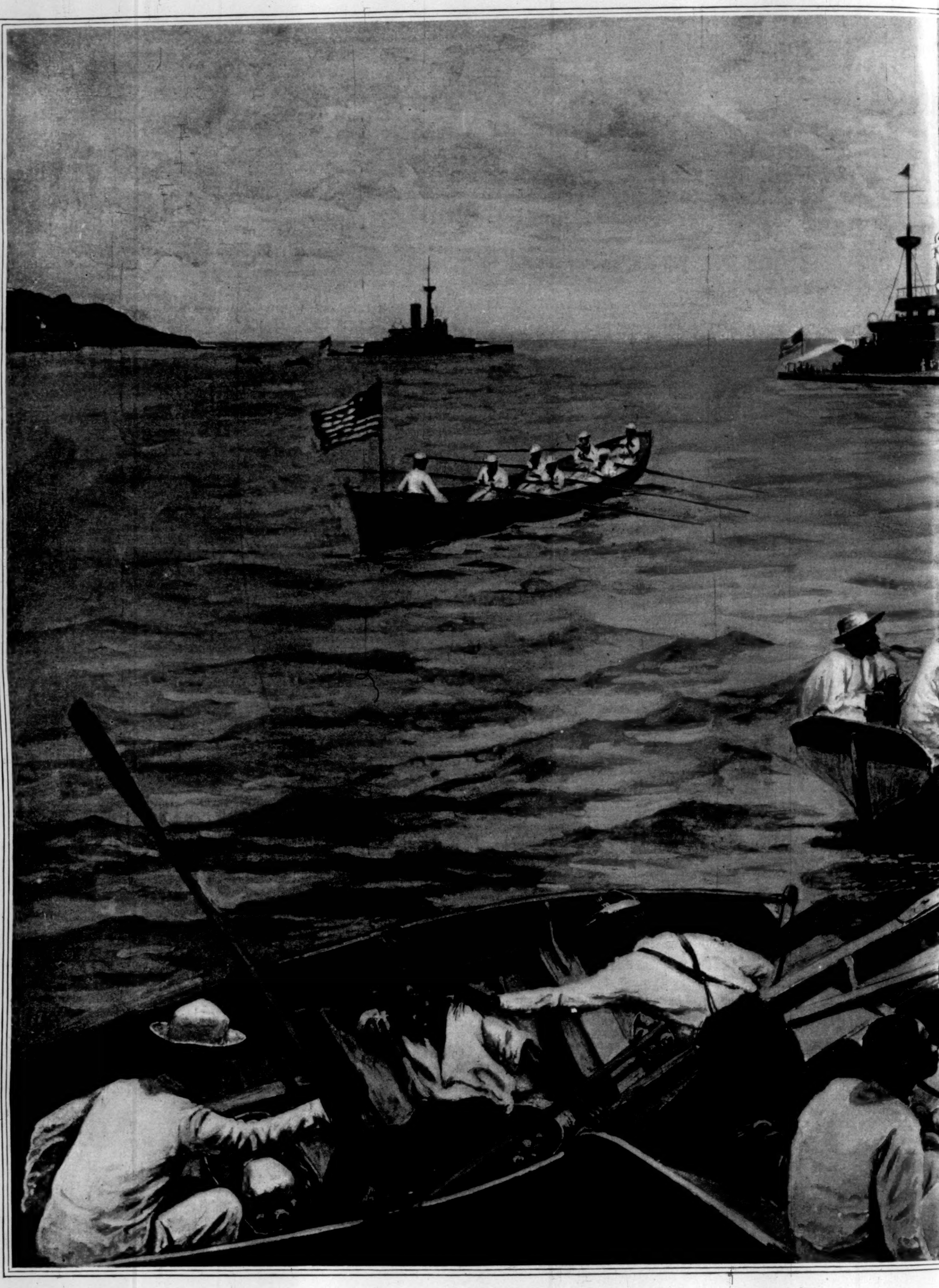
THE debate that took place in the Raad before the meeting at Bloemfontein is a further obstacle to reform; and just as Mr. Chamberlain might plead the powers of the House of Commons, so President Kruger in the conference may declare his inability to override the convictions of his constituents. The influence of corruption and ignorance is an element in the problem of even greater importance than the personality of the old President. There is no limit to the ignorance, the obstinacy, and the corruption of the Boers. According to the weightiest opinions that I am able to gather, the following course of events is probable: The meeting between the British and Boer representatives will be seemingly fruitless. England, however, will declare no war on behalf of the mining magnates, but matters will be allowed to drift, and a further object-lesson afforded to the Dutch populations of the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State of the real character of the Boer government. Only when public opinion of the Dutch in South Africa has ripened, and the patience and good faith of the British government demonstrated beyond cavil or dispute, strong measures will be taken to secure changes that could now only be attained at a cost of a racial war.

THE brightest spot in the whole situation is the general confidence displayed in Sir Alfred Milner. His personality is remarkable. One of the most brilliant of the band of scholars educated at Balliol who divide between them the government of the British Empire, Alfred Milner has a singular power of attracting every one brought in contact with him, while maintaining his own view with determination. When he was a writer on the *Pall Mall Gazette* one of his Oxford friends, acquainted with his great qualities, and who had formed a high estimate of his future career, asked him, with melancholy foreboding, as to whether he was not throwing away his life by earning his bread as a journalist. Milner's answer was characteristic in its tranquil conviction that the future would open and that his career would take care of itself. Shortly afterwards Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, offered to make him his private secretary. Then came the Egyptian appointment, where he advanced at once into the front rank of administrators. Sir Alfred Milner is believed will be the successor of Lord Cromer, whose period of labor in Egypt is thought to be drawing to a close.

THE rumble of the coming storm on the Church question, which promises to divide society and shake political parties to their foundations, begins to be heard more clearly. I learn that Lady Wimborne, the sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, a lady who has had more to do with the foundation and success of the Primrose League than almost any one else, has founded a Ladies' League for the Defence of the Reformed Faith of the Church of England, to oppose the doctrines of the Ritualist party, and to countervail the teaching of the modern clergy on confession, penance, and priestly absolution. Lady Wimborne is supported by many of the "great ladies," including the Duchesses of Grafton and Wellington. The invincible courage and determination of Lord Randolph Churchill are characteristic of his sister, and I venture to predict that we shall hear a great deal more of this anti-Ritualist league before many years are over. It is in the hands of English women who read history and bear historic names, and who have already organized one of the strongest influences in English social and political life.

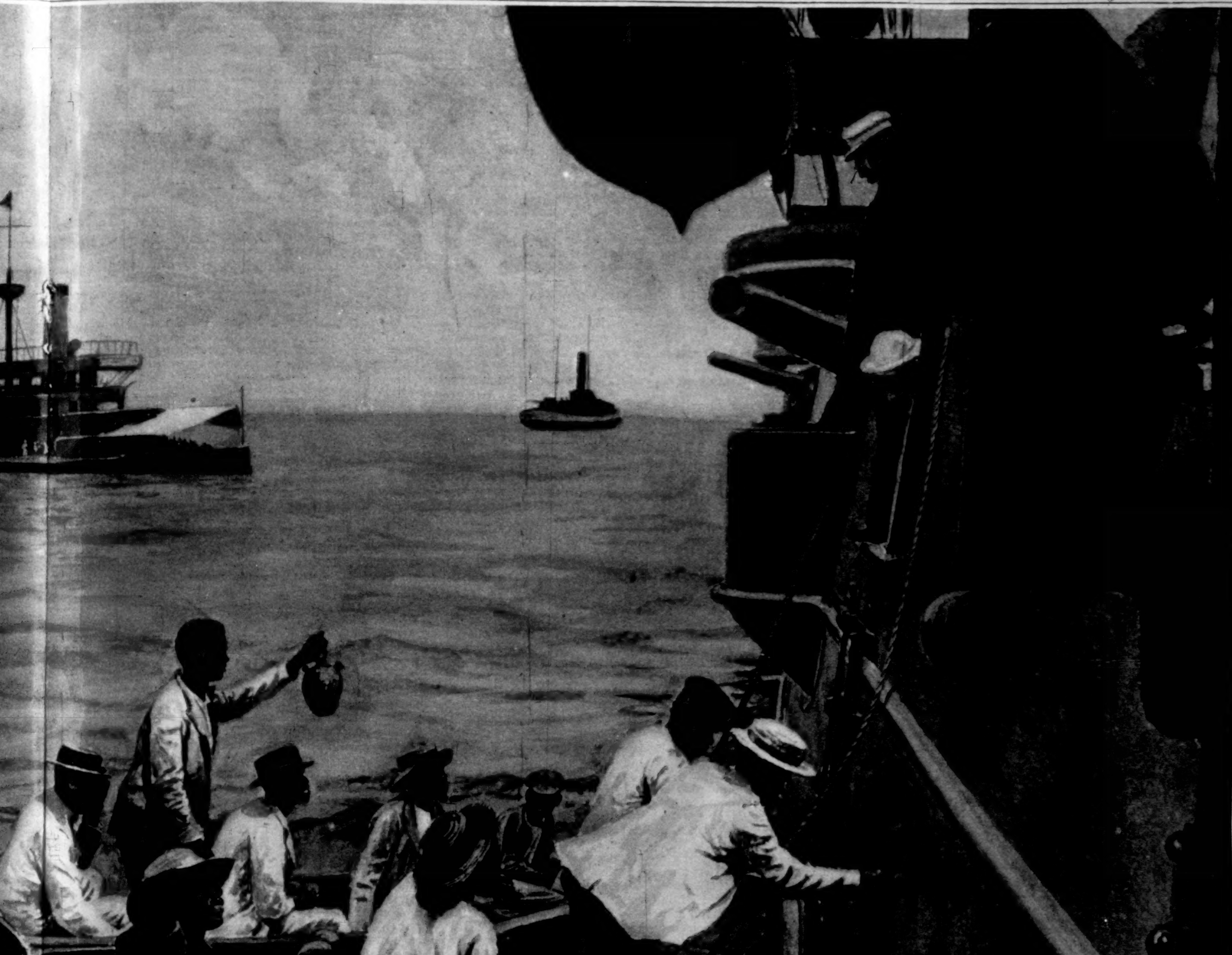
OF the many exacting parts being at present played in London none, perhaps, involves such a strain upon the exponent as that of the Manicurist in "The Gay Lord Quex." A few weeks back there was grave rumor that Miss Irene Vanburgh (who is a daughter of H. Gordon's friend, Prebendary Barnes) was breaking down. The arduous task of constant and severe rehearsal; the anxiety as to whether the result would be failure, mediocrity, or success; and the subsequent reaction—all told upon the highly strung, ultra-sensitive nature. To those (and they are not a few) who have watched Miss Vanbrugh's progress up the dramatic ladder this success at the Globe is not altogether unexpected. From her first appearance in "Alice in Wonderland" she proved herself to be of the stuff from which ultimate triumph is drawn. A marvellous grasp of character, an insight into the feelings and lives of others, sympathy with all manners and classes—this is the keynote to the hold she has upon us. We have had nothing like the third act in "Quex" on the English stage for many years.

MR. HARE intends taking Mr. Pinero's masterpiece to the States next year. As arrangements stand at present, he will, in all probability, visit America in October, 1900. But as yet nothing more definite has been decided. That Miss Vanburgh goes with him is a certainty, and he will also be supported by his son, Mr. Gilbert Hare, who is fast following in his father's footsteps. "Quex" (as the play is familiarly called) is also to be done into French, and will before long see the light in Paris. ARNOLD WHITE.



THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON IN THE HARBOR OF CA

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum, Special Artis



CAPE HAITIEN, ISLAND OF HAITI—A VISIT FROM THE NATIVES.

RTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE FLEET.

HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

X.—FROM OAHU TO HAWAII

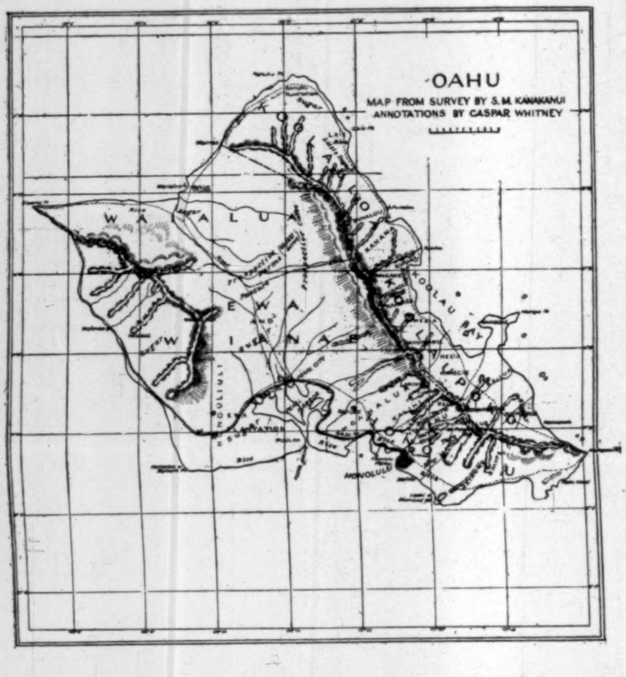
ALL Hawaii centres around Honolulu; therefore it is fitting we begin our tour of the islands at Oahu—of which, however, I have already said so much, that little remains to be added.

The Hawaiian group, including a chain of coral islets reaching into the northwest, numbers about twenty islands—all of volcanic origin—the principal inhabited ones being, in order of size, Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, and Kahoolawe; the smaller and uninhabited, Molokini, Lehua, Kaula, Bird, Necker, and about ten others.

As I have said, Oahu, in my judgment, is the most attractive of them all, the peculiarity of its beauty being verdant hills rising abruptly out of fields of taro and rice, to end in minarets and domes of gray rock veiled ever now and again by the always moving clouds of multiple shadings.

But you may see all of Oahu that is worth viewing by short excursions from Honolulu, and you will find nothing novel aside from the scenery. There is little left of native life; the island is completely Americanized.

With the exception of the sterile ground around the several points, Oahu is one great sugar-plantation, though desirable soil on the northeast side is scarce, with patches of rice and taro here and there on the very fertile wet lowlands. To no one man is this extensive sugar cultivation so much due as to Benjamin F. Dillingham, whose unshaken faith in the possibilities of the island and undaunted enterprise built the railroad which made possible utilization of land otherwise unprofitable for planting. It is not saying too much to declare that the Oahu Railroad, tapping all the sugar-land, has been the making of industrial Oahu.


OAHU
MAP FROM SURVEY BY S.M. KANAKANUI
ANNOTATIONS BY CASPAR WHITNEY
WAIALUA
EWA
WAIANAE
KOOLAU BAY
HONOULIULI
HONOLULU

In the centre of the island are some 60,000 acres of pasture-land, not rich enough for sugar, but possibly good enough for farming under irrigation—and nowhere is there land not already owned or under long lease.

Oahu is no island for the immigrant.

You may have the choice of two routes to the island of Hawaii, but only one company owns the steamers—which, by-the-way, is one of Hawaii's chief grievances and most certain handicaps to its industrial development.

I chose to make my first landing on the leeward, or dry, side of the island, and set sail from Honololu at ten o'clock in the morning, on the *Kinau*, a propeller of about nine hundred tons, with clean, comfortable cabins and a general trig appearance. Passing close to Diamond Head, on the southeast end of Oahu, we had a satisfying view of this famous extinct crater—a veritable bowl, with edges so narrow one can barely circle its very rim on foot.

Shortly we were crossing Kaiwi Channel, which was rather rough, as most the Hawaiian channels are, and soon came off the south (leeward) side of Molokai, the island of the lepers' home, although we had sighted it halfway across the thirty-mile channel. The west end of the island, where herds of the little Chinese spotted deer and some cattle and horses seem to thrive on the dry grass, looks a dreary waste; it is treeless and mountainless, although leased by an American company, which is beginning to plant in cane some of the southerly sections. We could see them working where a sugar-plantation is starting, and the soil looked rich and red; it is claimed enough water can be obtained from wells sunk near the sea, catching the rain-water which drains from the back country. There is no other available water here; little, indeed, from any source on the south side, and hanging fortune and hope on so slim and uncertain a supply seems risky. But the very rich soil is too tempting.

Far back could be seen the precipice which divides the lepers from the world.

To the east of the plantation the steamer stopped off a little fringe of cocoanut-trees and a few houses, which combine to make the settlement of Kaunakakai, to pick up native passengers rowing out to meet us.

A few fields of taro seemed all the agricultural industry in sight. Beyond, the bare sterile hills come abruptly to the shore, and, except for one little spot farther on, where the rift in the hills has permitted the escape of some good soil, there is no spot where living thing grows. The one little spot is Kanolo, where some rice and taro are growing, and a church stands square and solemn and white against a rugged grayish background. Eastward from here the mountains come down to the water, with only two spots where foothold may be had, so to say, until the high point, the extreme eastern point, of Molokai, is rounded.

The north, or windward, side of the island, with a few small fertile valleys, is as bright and fresh looking as the south side is barren.

Crossing Pailolo into Auau Channel, we arrived off Lahaina (Maui) about four in the afternoon, having viewed the small barren island of Lanai, which is given up entirely to sheep, except for a small bit on the northeast side, where a sugar-plantation, depending on wells, is about to be started.

Maui is second in size to Hawaii, and consists of two mountains split into deep beautiful valleys. East Maui is much larger, and, besides having Haleakala, the largest known crater in the world (height, 10,000 feet; depth, 2000 feet; length, 7½ miles; circumference, 20 miles), has quite the greater share of arable land. And all that is available for cultivation is already under lease. West Maui's chief attraction is its scenery, with its steeper mountains and more picturesque valleys. There are no immediate opportunities for settlers on this island; the land not in use is sterile, and the soil at best is expensive to cultivate, because irrigation is almost generally needful.

The two settlements of importance are Wailuku, on the windward, or north, side, and Lahaina, on the leeward side of the neck of land that connects East and West Maui. Wailuku's chief claim to distinction rests in its being the centre of the sugar-planting interests, and the starting-point of a railroad that runs back a dozen miles towards the mountains and the sugar-mills. It has a court-house, several shops and churches, and an exalted opinion of itself.

Lahaina is a relic of departed glory. It was a famous town in ancient days—a commercial centre when the whaling interests flourished, the residence of the King—the chief city, in fact, of all Hawaii. But all the old buildings have gone, and there remains nothing now to suggest one-time importance. It is a sleepy little port—a restful, mildly tempered haven for invalids. The best idea of industrial Maui can be gained from the map opposite, upon which I have made copious annotations.

From Lahaina to Maalaea Bay is a couple of hours' steaming; but there is no settlement here, and the port exists chiefly as the landing-place on this side of island for Wailuku on north side. There are no docks at any of these ports, and no harbors. The steamer lies out in an open roadway, often quite rough; and passengers and freight are rowed ashore by natives, who are expert watermen, and take the boats through the heavy choppy seas, in and out of the jagged, half-moon indentations that answer for harbors, with exceeding skill.

It is a rough-and-tumble trip across the Hawaii Channel from Makena (Maui) to Kawaihae (Hawaii), and therefore you do not mind the unseemly hour of arrival (2.30 A.M.), but, until daylight comes to reveal the unattractiveness of the immediately surrounding country, you wonder at the number of people that greet you at such an hour. You understand later. Once, many years ago, Kawaihae was a thriving port, where the whalers came for the potatoes raised on the hills directly back of the settlement, and people lived here and prospered. Now the settlement owes its life to the weekly arrival of the steamer from Honolulu. Small wonder the handful of residents shake off sleep to view this periodical deliverance from utter stagnation!

Kawaihae is a bite out of the coast, with high rocky hills standing immediately back of the bay, and a narrow shore-line fringed with cocoa-palms and algaroba-trees. The algaroba is the mesquite of Mexico and Arizona, whose large, sweet, and fleshy pods provide the most fattening fodder for cattle and horses; but it does not grow above an elevation of 300 feet in Hawaii, and therein differs from the mesquite of our Southwest. The cocoa-palm is to the Hawaiian what the caribou is to the Northwest Indians—it furnishes milk, oil, food, rope, matting, and each tree produces about one hundred nuts annually. They are, besides, the one most pleasing object in all the islands, with their rakish beauty and long slender wrinkled trunks topped with a crown of feathery leaves.

Kawaihae's one remaining point of interest is the ruins, back on the hill, of a temple of refuge built by Kamehameha the Great. It is the very last of the Heiaus, where in the old days, during strife, the peaceful sought and obtained immunity from harm—for into these temples a man might not pursue an enemy. This ruin indicates a very substantial structure, in parallelogram form, about 220 feet long by 100 feet wide. Entrance is gained through a narrow passage between two high walls, and the interior is laid off in terraces and paved with smooth flat stones. The wall uphill is 8 feet high, and on the downhill side 20 feet high, and both are 12 feet thick at base.

It was my good fortune that W. G. Irwin, one of the leading men of affairs in the islands, and Samuel Parker, a descendant of native nobility and Minister of Foreign Affairs under the monarchy (Liliuokalani), had also been on the *Kinau*, the former bent on a tour of his plantations, the latter returning to his cattle-ranch home at Mana.

So we sat together under the trees until daylight, and then started for the house of Paul Jarrett, manager for Mr. Parker, at Waimea. As we toiled up from the water's edge, a beautiful view was disclosed of Hawaii's three great mountains—Mauna Kea (13,805 feet), Mauna Loa (13,675 feet), and Hualalai (8275 feet).

Waimea is thirteen miles from Kawaihae, and the road in that distance climbs 2700 feet, through a rocky, barren country that seems fit for nothing but goats and sisel. But as you approach Waimea, the rocks disappear and the country opens out into a valley about five to seven miles wide, which extends for fifteen miles, until it runs down to the sea above Honokoa on the north side of the island. There is no running water on this tract, and practically no trees until half of its length has been traversed, except where it touches on either side the edges of the mountain forest which are receding so rapidly.

It is a pleasing country, this valley, covered with quantities of nourishing *manienie* (Bermuda) and Hilo grass, and broken into numberless knolls and swales, that afford shelter from strong and frequent winds. Unluckily the Hilo grass (which was introduced by a doctor of Hilo only twenty-three years ago, and has now spread all over the islands) is crowding out the Bermuda, which is much the thicker and more nutritious, and was brought to Hawaii from South America.

En route to Mana we fell in with the schoolmaster for that district, who, in addition to tilling the young mind, maintains a truck-farm and a dairy, and is the government assessor as well. He was quite the most enthusiastic granger I encountered. He placed no limit on the agricultural possibilities of Hawaii, and was as ready to practically illustrate the fruit-canning prospects as he was to dig potatoes to convince me of their average size and number to the hill. We side-tracked to have a look at his little farm, where he had growing strawberries, cucumbers, asparagus, cauliflower, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, though none properly cared for, and therefore not looking very well. There was also a small patch of corn, not of cheerful appearance. Last year he raised some wheat hay, and sold it for $45 per ton. Hay costs $30 here, and is all imported, as it is on the islands generally. He claimed to get eighty pounds of butter a week out of thirty cows—which are given one feed a day of corn-stalks, and no middlings—and sells it for 50 cents per pound.

Having discoursed glowingly on Hawaii's great opportunity to supply California with fruit in its between season, and dug up some fine large potatoes, for which, he assured us, he got $1 per bag of one hundred pounds, this pedagogic jack-of-all-trades retired within his house and proceeded to serenade us with cornet and piano, relying upon the former and his right hand to carry the air, while his left did chord duty on the piano. Later he shot some plover, which we ate next morning, and found fat and excellent.

While this man has made no especial agricultural success, at least what he has accomplished suggests the capabilities of the soil under intelligent cultivation. Just at the time of our visit he was making and canning guava jelly, and as the fruit grows wild everywhere, there would seem to be some money in the venture.

This entire tract from Waimea running north, which is controlled by the Parkers, includes six to seven hundred thousand acres, about two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand being excellent land, and, under irrigation, fit to raise anything. At present it is an ideal cattle ranch, with water piped from the mountains into drinking-tanks. Parker has about thirty thousand head of cattle, and owns about one-third of this immense tract; the balance he has on lease, which expires in 1913, and as it is the finest land of the kind on the island, it will probably have several bidders at that time. In return for extension of his lease in the last days of the monarchy, Parker gave up, in the centre of the tract in the valley, 1000 acres to the government to be made into homesteads, allowing twenty-five acres per male capita. Riding through these homesteads, which are on either side the main road, one sees what care and water can do in the way of producing flowers and garden-truck. Generally speaking, there is rain enough for crops in this district, although it is uncertain. The country was very dry on my visit, and, from what I heard and saw, I judge the condition was not unusual.

A worm peculiar to all these islands is deadly on vegetables, and must be destroyed before certain crops can be depended on. The Japanese beetle also is destructive to flowers and plants of all kinds. There are some peach and orange trees here, but neither seem to flourish in this locality. Bananas and figs could be raised lower down. Mangoes, alligator-pears, bread-fruit, are to be found; but it is really astonishing how little fruit there is, considering the quality of the soil. And the same comment is true of vegetables; all kinds can be grown, yet rice and taro only are produced in abundance.

The schoolmaster thought wheat could be raised, and there is no doubt of it, up to the limit of local consumption, but not beyond it, in sufficient quality or quantity.

The noticeable features of this part of Hawaii are the rapidly receding forests and the treeless valleys. It has come to pass that one must ride deep into the forest to get beyond the belt of dying timber. Cattle, it is said, are responsible for this denudation, and perhaps their trampling of the tender roots does in part account for it; but it seems more likely the roots strike rock and die for lack of nourishing soil and rain.

There are only left in abundance the *ohia*—the native apple-tree, with gaudy crimson blossom and somewhat tasteless fruit—the tree which furnishes the lehua flower—dear to poetical Hawaii—and the magnificent tree-ferns, that stand so high as twenty-five feet. The mamani—a wood so hard that fence posts of it last six years, is also disappearing, and, indeed, the forest in this section seems to be composed principally of ohia, tree-ferns, and creepers and underbrush. And the creepers are in greatest profusion, varying in size of stem from whip-cord to a man's arm, and climbing over and entangling the tallest trees.

Mana was the most entrancing spot I found in all Hawaii, irresistibly appealing after a day in the saddle. It is the soft-toned name by which the immediate site of Mr. Parker's ranch home (3500 feet elevation) is known, and a little care and much water—rain in sufficient quantity being lacking—have made of it a veritable flower-garden. There is a rambling old house of one story, extended and added to until two wings run out at right angles, like a double-headed L. Honeysuckle, under a great row of Norfolk pines, assails your nostrils at the rear of the house, and at the front the deliciously balmy air is heavy with heliotrope. There are daisies (which cannot be raised at Honolulu), pansies, roses, hydrangeas, and clumps of iron-wood trees, with their dainty feathery branches traced against the sky. There are also the eucalyptus and a tree quite like the California redwood, all imported and flourishing.

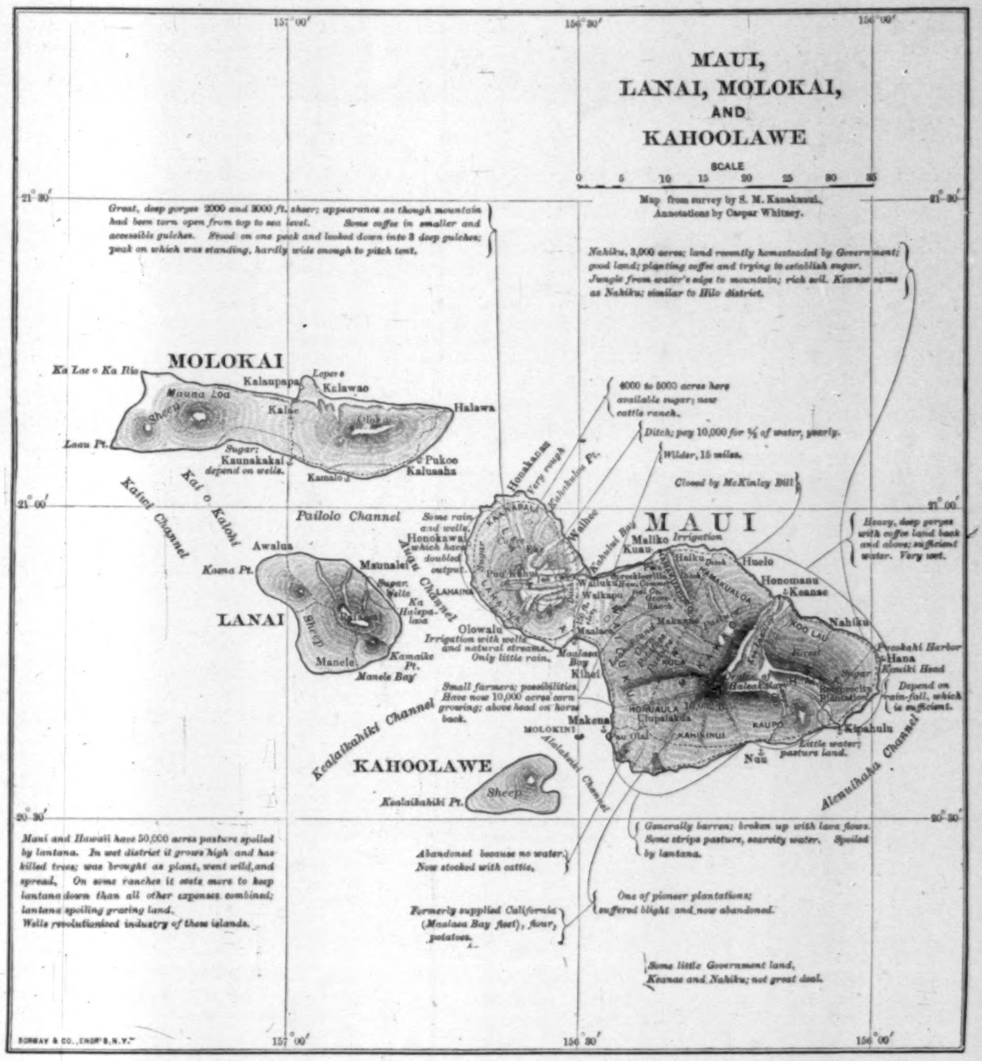
Next morning, before setting out for a cattle round-up, our hats and necks were encircled, as the pretty custom of the country is, with *leis* made from the plentiful and sweet-smelling flowers of Mana.

There are considerable numbers of wild cattle and wild pig in Hawaii—*i. e.*, the domestic variety gone wild after years of running loose in mountains—and whenever there is a round-up for branding, ranchmen drive in as many of the former as possible. We rode across the hills and for six miles through the dead timber that lay thick in pitiable array before we came to the live forest, and eventually to where Jarrett had corralled some thirteen hundred head of cattle. Both native cattle and horses are smaller and somewhat weedier than our Western species, but all looked in very fair condition, which speaks rather well for Hilo grass—about the only kind found deep in the forest.

Weediness of cattle would prevent this country from putting native butter into open market competition until a much better breed had been developed or introduced.

From the cattle-pen, where there was ample evidence of the native making an excellent cowboy, we rode through the forest, across the mountains, and towards the sea, where the forest ceases and the upland is considered coffee-land, down into the Paauhau sugar-plantation's uppermost fields (1700 feet elevation), where the cane was too dry to look well. For several miles we rode through field after field of cane, waving above one's head and shutting out view of everything save the water at the foot of the slope we were descending, before we eventually reached the house of Mr. Irwin's manager, Mr. Moore, where we were all entertained for the night. The hospitality one receives in travelling about the Hawaiian Islands is as generous as it is spontaneous.

The great business of running a sugar-plantation must be studied to be fully appreciated; there are railroads with cars and engines, and flumes, and trestles over one hundred feet high and thousands of feet long, to carry the cane from the field to the mill; there are cables and cars and engines to put it on ship, and landing-places, merely for plantation use, that cost $30,000. The Paauhau mill has a capacity of sixty tons of sugar a day, and cost $250,000, but there are some costing twice that amount.


MAUI, LANAI, MOLOKAI, AND KAHOOLAWE

Map from survey by S. M. Kanakanui. Annotations by Caspar Whitney.

SCALE
0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35
157° 00′
156° 30′
156° 00′
21° 30′
21° 00′
20° 30′
Great, deep gorges 2000 and 3000 ft. sheer; appearance as though mountain had been torn open from top to sea level. Some coffee in smaller and accessible gulches. Stood on one peak and looked down into 3 deep gulches; peak on which was standing, hardly wide enough to pitch tent.
Nahiku, 3,000 acres; land recently homesteaded by Government; good land; planting coffee and trying to establish sugar. Jungle from water's edge to mountain; rich soil. Keanae same as Nahiku; similar to Hilo district.
MOLOKAI
Ka Lae o Ka Ilio
Mauna Loa
Sheep
Kalaupapa
Lepers
Kalawao
Kalae
Halawa
Laau Pt.
Sugar; Kaunakakai depend on wells.
Kamalo
Pukoo
Kaluaaha
4000 to 5000 acres here available sugar; now cattle ranch.
Ditch; pay 10,000 for ⅘ of water, yearly.
Wilder, 15 miles.
Closed by McKinley Bill
Kaiwi Channel
Kai o Kalohi
Pailolo Channel
Some rain and wells.
Honokawai which have doubled output.
Honokahau
Very rough
Kahakuloa Pt.
MAUI
Heavy, deep gorges with coffee land back and above; sufficient water. Very wet.
Awalua
Kaena Pt.
Maunalei
Sugar. Wells
Ka Halepalaoa
LANAI
Sheep
Manele
Kamaiki Pt.
Manele Bay
Auau Channel
LAHAINA
Olowalu
Irrigation with wells and natural streams. Only little rain.
Small farmers; possibilities. Have now 10,000 acres corn growing; above head on horse back.
Waihee
Kahului Bay
Maliko
Irrigation
Kuau
Haiku
Huelo
Honomanu
Keanae
Nahiku
Wailuku
Waikapu
Maalaea Bay
Kihei
Makena
MOLOKINI
KOOLAU
Crater of Haleakala
10,032
HONUAULA
Ulupalakua
KAHIKINUI
KAUPO
Puuokahi Harbor
Hana
Kauiki Head
Depend on rain-fall, which is sufficient.
Kipahulu
Little water; pasture land.
Nuu
Kealaikahiki Channel
KAHOOLAWE
Sheep
Kealaikahiki Pt.
Alalakeiki Channel
Alenuihaha Channel
Maui and Hawaii have 50,000 acres pasture spoiled by lantana. In wet district it grows high and has killed trees; was brought as plant, went wild, and spread. On some ranches it costs more to keep lantana down than all other expenses combined; lantana spoiling grazing land. Wells revolutionized industry of these islands.
Abandoned because no water. Now stocked with cattle.
Generally barren; broken up with lava flows. Some strips pasture, scarcity water. Spoiled by lantana.
One of pioneer plantations; suffered blight and now abandoned.
Formerly supplied California (Maalaea Bay fleet), flour, potatoes.
Some little Government land, Keanae and Nahiku; not great deal.
BORMAY & CO., ENGR'S, N.Y.

Apropos of Hawaii's "legalized slavery"—which I discuss in another chapter—I talked with one Japanese sugar-boiler in the Paauhau mill who had saved over $3000.

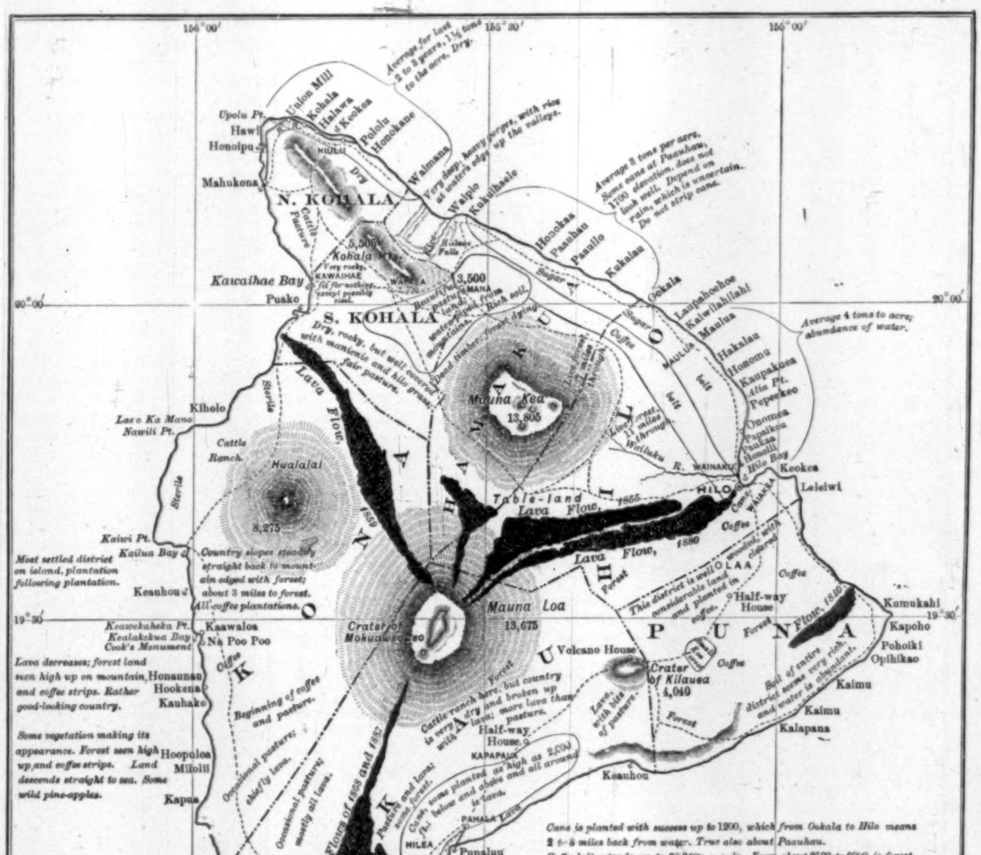
This, the windward side of the island, differs very materially from the other in appearance, being greener and therefore brighter and more fertile. From the two majestic mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, whose rise is so gentle it is difficult to realize their great height, the country descends quite abruptly to about six to seven thousand feet elevation, then with an open strip, followed by forest, it comes down with a gradual slope, broken by innumerable gulches, until it terminates at the sea in a bluff that may be from fifty to three hundred feet in height. The map gives no idea whatever of the broken shore-line—it is a succession of deep indentations and sharp protruding tongues of rock. In the final thirty miles from Laupahoehoe to Hilo there are 65 gulches, from 125 to 750 feet deep, each with water, each beautiful in the wild vagaries of tropical verdure. I know them every one—I had my bicycle with me.

To any one with an idea of touring the island of Hawaii on a bicycle, I beg to offer an earnest—don't. I took a bicycle with me to save time. I had not before ridden over the roads of Hawaii, nor could I find any one who had—on a bicycle. I had wished to reach Hilo, about fifty-six miles, when I left Messrs. Irwin, Parker, and Moore at Paauhau, but had not been riding long before I realized the futility of the hope. For twenty miles the road is fairly good, except that the hills are too steep to ride up, and many of them too steep to ride down, and there is more up and down hill than anything else. The character of the country remains practically the same along this entire coast—cane-fields on both sides the road down to the bluff at the water's edge, and up, high as the eye reaches above the sugar belt, is the coffee, and above that again pasture. My map goes into these details very carefully. There is quite a little coffee-growing industry at Ookala and other near-by sections, where the Portuguese have taken up land, and the Japanese too have secured some leases. There is no lumber timber anywhere along on the coast—not sufficient for a saw-mill.

Laupahoehoe, where I lunched, is a long deep gulch, filled with earth and rock instead of water, and at its outermost edge are a dozen houses, a church, and a few cocoanut-palms. From here to Hakalau, fourteen miles, there is only a trail, which plunges straight down to the bottom of every gulch, and rises equally as straight up on the opposite side—regardless of grade. Throughout the fourteen miles there is hardly enough level road to give it name—you pick your way down into one gulch, only to struggle out and immediately dive into another. When I reached the prettily located house of Mr. George Ross, long after dark, I fancy I was about the most torn and bespattered creature that had ever tramped into Hakalau, and perhaps as weary a one.

The next day I pursued my trip on to Hilo in a two-wheel cart Mr. Ross was so kind as to loan me, and not again on Hawaii did I undertake bicycling. The country continues very much broken from Hakalau, but the condition of the road is excellent, and a moderate grade has been observed in crossing the gulches, which are many and deep. There is such abundance of water, as Hilo is approached, that planters largely use flumes for conveying the cane to the mill, and several times the road passes under high trestles carrying great stretches of fluming across the gulches. I noted one four-mile stretch of fluming to a mill.

After its pretty bay—the only possible harbor in all Hawaii besides Honolulu and Pearl harbors—and the picturesque approach, Hilo town is a disappointment. It is built much more like a town on a Kansas plain than one amid the luxuriance of the semi-tropics. Except for one or two very attractive bungalows, it has the same square, prim houses, with the two main business streets running at


HAWAII

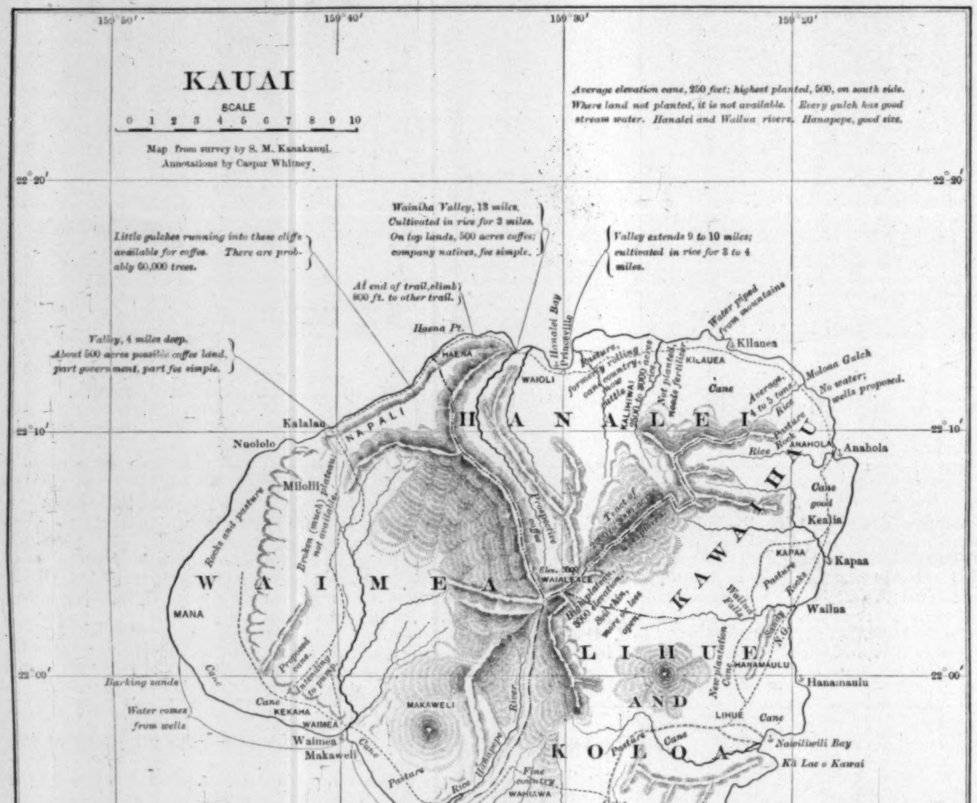
Map from survey by S. M. Kanakanui. Annotations by Caspar Whitney.

SCALE
0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35
156° 00′
155° 30′
155° 00′
20° 00′
19° 30′
19° 00′
Average for last 2 to 3 years, 1½ tons to the acre. Dry.
Upolu Pt.
Hawi
Honoipu
Union Mill
Kohala
Halawa
Keokea
Pololu
Honokane
Mahukona
Dry
N. KOHALA
Cattle Pasture
Waimanu
Very deep, heavy gorges, with rise at water's edge up the valleys.
Waipio
Kukuihaele
Average 3 tons per acre. Some cane at Paauhau, 1700 elevation, does not look well. Depend on rain, which is uncertain. Do not strip cane.
5,505
Kohala Mts.
Very rocky. KAWAIHAE fit for nothing except possibly sisal.
Kawaihae Bay
WAIMEA
3,500
MANA
Beautiful pasture land
water piped from mountains. Rich soil.
Puako
S. KOHALA
Dry, rocky, but well covered with manienie and hilo grass; fair pasture.
Dead timber; forest dying
Honokaa
Paauhau
Paauilo
Kukaiau
Sugar
Ookala
Laupahoehoe
Kaiwilahilahi
Maulua
Coffee
belt
Hakalau
Honomu
Kaupakuea
Alia Pt.
Pepeekeo
Onomea
Papaikou
Paukaa
Honolii
Hilo Bay
Average 4 tons to acre; abundance of water.
Live forest, 2 miles through
Live forest, 11 miles through.
Mauna Kea
13,805
Wailuku R.
WAINAKU
HILO
Keokea
Leleiwi
Kiholo
Lae o Ka Mano
Nawili Pt.
Sterile
Cattle Ranch.
Hualalai
8,275
Lava Flow, 1859
Table-land Lava Flow, 1855
Lava Flow, 1880
Cane
WAIAKEA
Coffee
Kaiwi Pt.
Kailua Bay
Most settled district on island, plantation following plantation.
Country slopes steadily straight back to mountain edged with forest; about 3 miles to forest. All coffee plantations.
Keauhou
This district is well wooded, with considerable land cleared and planted in coffee.
OLAA
Forest
Half-way House
Kumukahi
Mauna Loa
13,675
Crater of Mokuaweoweo
Keawekaheka Pt.
Kealakekua Bay
Cook's Monument
Kaawaloa
Na Poo Poo
Coffee
Lava decreases; forest land seen high up on mountain, and coffee strips. Rather good-looking country.
Honaunau
Hookena
Kauhako
Volcano House
Crater of Kilauea
4,040
PUNA
Flow, 1840
Kapoho
Pohoiki
Opihikao
Soil of entire district seems very rich, and water is abundant.
Kaimu
Kalapana
Beginning of coffee and pasture.
Cattle ranch here, but country is very dry and broken up with lava; more lava than pasture.
Lava, with bits of pasture.
Half-way House
KAPAPALA
Some vegetation making its appearance. Forest seen high up, and coffee strips. Land descends straight to sea. Some wild pine-apples.
Hoopuloa
Milolii
Occasional pasture; chiefly lava.
Occasional pasture; mostly all lava.
Lava Flows of 1868 and 1887
Pasture and lava; some forest.
Cane, some planted as high as 2,000 ft.; below and above and all around is lava.
Keauhou
Kapua
PAHALA
Lava
HILEA
Punaluu
Honuapo
NAALEHU
Kauna Pt.
Na Puu o Pele
Lava and little pasture.
Lava and some little pasture.
Kaalualu
Ka Lae
KONA
HAMAKUA
HILO
KAU
All along this coast up to Kapua, nothing to be seen but lava, descending from the mountains down to the very sea, and forming an angry, wild and somewhat picturesque coast line. General tendency of land sloping from mountain tops in benches. One or two ranches back of Milolii, and one or two cocoanut groves. All else and everywhere, lava.
Cane is planted with success up to 1200, which from Ookala to Hilo means 2 to 3 miles back from water. True also about Paauhau. Coffee belt extends up to 2300 to 2400 ft. From about 2500 to 6000 is forest. Above that a strip of open land about ½ mile, suitable for sheep and cattle, and then the rugged sides of mountains. In Puna, some coffee at 2500—experimental.
BORMAY & CO., ENGR'S, N.Y.

right angles and very properly filled with shops fashioned after the severe architectural lines of New England. As at Honolulu, there is nothing except the foliage to suggest the tropics. Hilo has a population of about 13,000, a hotel, electric-light, a small wharf, and a prospective trolley line to the volcano.

During the time of my visit the town was convulsed by views of its expected prosperity—real-estate values inflated, and agents innumerable dealing in coffee futures. It seemed on the verge of a boom, which I fear would do it more harm than good. All kinds of rumors were afloat of large investments in coffee-planting, and all kinds of reports rampant as to profits and yield, most of them unreliable and greatly exaggerated. Fancy figures were being asked for land, and unlimited speculation indulged as to prospective yield—all of which can only be decided by experience. Considerable harm has already been done the industry by inexperienced men rushing blindly into it and failing. So far as making big money is concerned, the industry is yet experimental, but there are many successes where comparatively small patches have been worked carefully and thoroughly.

From Hilo to the volcano (Kilauea) the road runs through the Kau and Puna districts, two of Hawaii's most favored coffee-growing localities. This entire section is covered with forest and jungle, and almost all of it carries a deep rich soil of decomposed lava that will produce anything. As usual, the natives neglect their opportunity, but the Japanese have not, and their vegetable-gardens are to be seen in every direction from Hilo. There is surprising scarcity of fruit; one can get more variety, and as cheap, in almost any large American city. The pressing need of Hawaii is more roads. There is now but the single road around the island, very poor in many parts, and impassible in some.


KAUAI
SCALE
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Map from survey by S. M. Kanakanui.
Annotations by Caspar Whitney.
159° 50′
159° 40′
159° 30′
159° 20′
22° 20′
22° 10′
22° 00′
21° 50′
Average elevation cane, 250 feet; highest planted, 500, on south side. Where land not planted, it is not available. Every gulch has good stream water. Hanalei and Wailua rivers. Hanapepe, good size.
Little gulches running into these cliffs available for coffee. There are probably 60,000 trees.
Wainiha Valley, 13 miles. Cultivated in rice for 3 miles. On top lands, 500 acres coffee; company natives, fee simple.
Valley extends 9 to 10 miles; cultivated in rice for 3 to 4 miles.
At end of trail, climb 800 ft. to other trail.
Haena Pt.
Valley, 4 miles deep. About 500 acres possible coffee land, part government, part fee simple.
HAENA
WAIOLI
Hanalei Bay
Princeville
Pasture, formerly rolling cane country, now cattle
KALIHIWAI
2500 to 3000 acres rice
Not planted, needs fertilizer
KILAUEA
Kilauea
Water piped from mountains
Cane
Average, 4 to 5 tons
Rice
Molona Gulch
No water; wells proposed.
Pasture
Rock
ANAHOLA
Anahola
Cane good
Kealia
KAPAA
Kapaa
Wailua
Wailua Falls
Sandy N. G.
Kalalau
NAPALI
Nuololo
Milolii
Rocks and pasture
Broken (much) plateau, not available
HANALEI
Prospective coffee
Tract of 2000 to 3000 acres unexplored
Elev. 5000
WAIALEALE
High plateau, 3000 elevation. Soil thin, more or less open.
KAWAIHAU
WAIMEA
MANA
Proposed cane.
Intending to pump.
Cane
Barking sands
Water comes from wells
KEKAHA
WAIMEA
Waimea
Makaweli
MAKAWELI
River
Hanapepe
Pasture
Rice
Fine country
WAHIAWA
ELEELE
Eleele
KOLOA
Koloa
LIHUE AND KOLOA
New plantation Cane
HANAMAULU
Hanamaulu
LIHUE
Nawiliwili Bay
Ka Lae o Kawai
Water piped from mountains, ditch and pipe lines and tunnels.
BORMAY & CO., ENGR'S, N.Y.

The character of the soil and country changes entirely after passing the volcano and going through Kau district towards Punaluu on the south. The soil is sand and reddish dirt, with stifling dust half a foot deep—for here there is no rain. The road winds over and around lava all the way to Pahala, twenty-six miles. Sometimes you travel over solid lava, and again it opens a little, and grass struggles to live here and there in patches. Some cattle manage to exist on a ranch crossed midway of the distance, but could not except that up in the mountains they may get better grass and some water. And this is the general character of the country from the forest edge on Mauna Loa down to the very water.

Pahala is headquarters for a very large sugar-plantation, which extends along the coast for a number of miles, taking in a good strip of land that is to be found between the lava flow, which runs from the sea-coast inland about three miles, and the forest belt. But above and below and at both sides is lava, which runs straight down to the water's edge, to make a wild-looking coast. This lava fringe skirts the southern coast from Punaluu east for fifty miles, and west and north of Punaluu to Hookena.

Punaluu is quite the most desolate-looking place I beheld, with its handful of houses set upon bare black lava banks, a solitary prim little church, and angry waves lashing themselves into foam against the jagged shore-line. The scene is even more cheerless farther along towards the northwest. From the southerly point of Hawaii to Hoopuloa there is nothing but lava and a shore-line jagged and fantastic.

Passing Hoopuloa, which is nearly as dreary looking as Punaluu, the predominence of lava lessens, and occasional coffee in patches here and there is seen, until we reach Hookena, a cheerier-looking little place on a low piece of land, which seems to be especially bright against the black lava surroundings. It is a little fertile tongue of land. A grove of cocoanut and half a dozen clean-appearing houses.

Now we are in the famous Kona district, where coffee was first grown and where more natives of pure blood are now to be found than on any of the islands. The country steadily improves from here, showing strips of lava here and there, but in the main being a great rolling hill-side, running back gradually until at the very top, where it rises more steeply for about three miles to four, and is covered with some forest—small timber—however, and coffee and pasture, and the same rich soil found wherever the volcanic matter has decomposed.

Farther on, Kealakekua Bay is a rather pretty wedge-shaped inlet—the right arm a high sheer bluff (200 feet), which, at its outer end, slopes down to a low broad flat point. Just where the flat reaches up to join the bluff are a few houses, a grove of spreading trees, and Captain Cook's monument. The other arm of the bay is low land edged with lava, with twenty scattering houses and two groves of cocoanut-trees. A church stands higher up on the side hill. But the prettiest place, the only attractive one, on the lee coast is Kailua, on a small crescent-shaped bay, and the old-time residence of kings. The country slopes straight back for three miles to the forest, and the hill-side is dotted with coffee and houses. It used to be a very populous district, and remains now the most populous on the island; indeed, I believe it is the only one in Hawaii where the natives are increasing a little; elsewhere there are three deaths to one birth. Kailua is quite a cattle-shipping point also.

I embarked here for Honolulu, and with me quite a number of natives. It is always easy to distinguish the departing ones by the simple, pretty custom that prompts their friends to hang *leis* about their necks and around their hats. Good-natured, easy-going people that they are, it takes very little to make them happy.

KAUAI—"THE GARDEN ISLAND."

I MADE my landing on Kauai at Nawiliwili, a very pretty crescent-shaped bay with high bold land at the points, disembarking from a smaller steamer than those running to Hawaii and Maui, after one of the roughest trips in my experience. Hawaiians call Kauai the Garden Island of the group—and in so doing raise expectations at Honolulu which will not be realized by a trip across the disturbing channel. It is the oldest of the islands—and therefore freer of lava—but it is also the least picturesque and, I must add, with the least agricultural possibilities for immigrants.

In point of fact, there are no possibilities at all. Not for lack of arable land, indeed, but for lack of any kind worth cultivating. The island is practically owned by about six plantations, and has never been surveyed in whole by the government. Some of these plantations are on very rich soil—and one of them, at Lihue, just inland from Nawiliwili, has stretches that yield nine tons of sugar to the acre; but the majority do not yield more than half that amount. Physically the island is somewhat like the others, save that its centre, rather than ragged mountains, is occupied by high (3000 feet) table-land densely covered with forest, and it has in the Hanalei and Wailua rivers two fair-sized streams.

From Lihue the road goes east over a rolling pasture country, through a gap in the mountains, until it comes to Koloa, where is a considerable sugar-plantation owned by Germans. This is the dry side of the island, and here and all along this coast water for irrigation comes from wells or is piped from the mountains, where is the only timber to be found on the island, which even at its largest is not big enough for lumber. The general character of the country in this section is not unlike some of our Western stretches of grass-land, dotted with single widely separated trees and clumps. There is not so much lantana on this side the island as on the other, but the Japanese beetle is very active and destroys vegetables, flowers, leaves, and trees.

Continuing east over more rolling pasture country, extending from the sea up to the mountains, we cross several small valleys filled with rice-fields, in token of Chinese industry; and wherever is a valley there also is a little shop kept by a Japanese or a Chinaman. You never see a shop kept by a native, and only rarely find them working in the plantation fields. They are not even cultivating their own little patches of taro, as formerly they did, but instead leave all the hard soil-tilling to the Chinamen, and themselves work on the steamers and docks, where spells of hardest endeavor are followed by periods of entire relaxation. Or they work well about horses and sometimes at piece work in the fields, but rarely at daily labor. The native does not mind a scolding, but is very sensitive to ridicule.

The cattle along this section all looked well, although I was told much distress is given them by the horn-fly. At all events, it is a beautiful grazing country hereabouts, until we reach picturesque Hanapepe Valley, eight to nine miles deep, and cultivated up about four miles in rice, which, in various stages of growth, gives many shadings to the valley. The many and sometimes ingenious methods employed by the Chinamen to keep the birds from the rice are amusing if not instructive; the common manner is the planting of innumerable little white flags throughout the fields, but there are also windmills working wooden ratchet wheels, sentinels with guns, and women walking and shouting and beating empty tin cans.

At Hanapepe Valley the cane belt begins and runs on past Makaweli and for a few miles beyond Waimea, until there is no cultivation, and only a poor trail leads up over a broken plateau.

The north side of the island is also dry, although water is to be had in the mountains. Except in occasional spots it is an uninteresting country riding north from Lihue and then east toward Hanalei. There are stretches of pasture, some very rocky, and now and again a long deep valley filled with rice-fields. Practically no trees are to be seen on the pasture-land, though here and there, as a valley is approached, one encounters a bunch of kukui-trees—the tree which supplies the candle-nut formerly burned by the natives in their primitive stone lamps. These trees, seen now and again, and the hau, often thickly covered with its yellow poppies, that is too crooked even for firewood, but makes an ideal arbor, are, with lantana, the most frequent growth on the rocky pasturage-lands.

The plantation settlements against the bare landscape are a relief to the eye, with all their houses cleanly whitewashed, banana and papaya trees surrounding little patches of cultivation, and once in a while a tiny garden of flowers attempting to give a homelike appearance.

Each little valley is very bright and beautifully green and refreshing, and Hanalei, on a deep bay with high surrounding land, is one of the most attractive spots on any of the islands—a cool and picturesque haven for a few days. Here the wagon road ends, and a horse trail continues for twelve miles, when that too ends, and if you wish to circle the island you must climb 800 feet to the top of a cliff, on which is another trail leading to Waimea. At the east side the mountains come down to sea in three sharp ridges; beyond there is only a horse trail leading over to Kalalau, the only stretch of arable land being in Wainiha Valley, although several little gulches running back from the sea are considered available for coffee.

Hanalei Valley is about ten miles long, and cultivated in rice for three to four miles.

Other than a few little shops to supply local needs at the several small settlements along the coast, there is no commercial activity on Kauai apart from the sugar industry, which appears to absorb all the enterprise of the island. And, truth to tell, there is no room for enterprise on Kauai. There is no land not already taken up, and none that could be bought. The island is divided into cane, pasture, and valleys. In the latter rice and taro are grown by Chinamen; the cane-land is all held by several long-established companies, and the pasture by a few individuals, who have about 20,000 head of cattle and 2000 head of sheep. On the small island of Niihau, which is owned by one family, are other 25,000 sheep. Cane is planted at an average elevation of 250 feet, though there is some at 500 feet, and yields on the average about five tons of sugar to the acre. It may be set down as a fact that, under the present exceptionally high price ruling for sugar, all the land available for cane is planted, so there are no possibilities in this direction beyond what are presently realized. There are, however, some coffee-growing possibilities in several of the gulches running back from the sea on the northeast side of the island, especially between Wainiha and Kalalau, where there are already about 60,000 trees. Kalalau Valley extends four miles, and has some 500 acres of prospective coffee-land, held partly on government lease and partly in fee-simple, while there are 500 acres of coffee-land up Wainiha way owned in fee-simple by a company of natives.

Small as is the local demand for fruit and vegetables, not enough of either is grown to supply it; bananas, pineapples, oranges, grapes, figs, strawberries, watermelons potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, pease, beans, onions, sweet-potatoes, carrots, beets—all can be and are grown on the island, but in so desultory fashion that the hotel must frequently resort to canned goods or send to Honolulu for supplies.

Of native life there is practically none; a grass hut is indeed a novelty. The natives and the forest seem to be passing together.

AMATEUR SPORT

PERIODICALLY, when there happens to be a dearth of topics more exciting, some one holds aloft for adoration the fetich of four-mile eight-oared boat-races won invariably at the three-mile post.

Recently the Harvard *Bulletin*, in a thoroughly up-to-date effort to extend its circulation, has been agitating the question of a change from four to three miles for the annual university boat-race, and has sought widely for opinions of Harvard men.

ROBERTSON (YALE).
Beginning of his Delivery.

ROBERTSON (YALE).
Midway in Delivery.

It matters not what the majority of these views are, for they are neither entertaining nor commanding; but a few of those published were logical and convincing, and those of Messrs. Mumford and Richards forcibly expressed and straight to the point. The closing paragraph of Mr. Richards's opinion is worth reprinting. He says:

> The real rub is not the length of the race, but the "first-class" qualification. If we sent up more first-class crews we should hear less of races decided at the end of the third mile. The exacting qualification is precisely the thing we have been blindly striving for these many years. Let us amend our rowing standards, and the length of the race will take care of itself. HENRY RICHARDS, Harvard, '61.

BUT the most incontrovertible testimony against the need of altering the present rowing distance for the reasons advanced was given by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, whose twenty years as oarsman and coach in England entitle his statements to entire confidence.

The two objections raised by imperfectly informed or prejudiced men against four-mile rowing are (1) that four-mile races are always won and lost in the first three miles, and (2) that the extra mile, therefore, has no influence on the result, and is severely, injuriously exhausting on the men. Or to put it in the language of President Eliot, the most illustrious advocate of the shorter course—

> I favor a three-mile race instead of a four, because the fourth mile adds nothing to the interest of a race, while it does increase the chances of injury to the rowers. I can imagine no possible pleasure or advantage derivable from a four-mile race which a three-mile race would not yield as well, or better.
>
> Very truly yours, CHARLES W. ELIOT.

Now Mr. Lehmann, in the fulness of his practical experience in the shell and in the coaching launch, during twenty years' observation, says that "to any one not experienced in boat-racing it would seem reasonable to expect exhaustion would decrease in proportion to the decrease of distance traversed. The practical oarsman, however, knows that this result by no means ~~generally~~ follows, for his experience convinces him that a race over the Henley course is often more distressing than a race from Putney to Mortlake (4¼ miles). For instance, in the final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley last year (1 mile 550 yards), Gold, who stroked the victorious Leander crew, was much more distressed and exhausted than he was after losing the long race against Cambridge last March."

COURTNEY could also add, if he so chose, that never in his career as coach has he seen a Cornell crew, rowing three or four miles, so completely done up as that one which, a few years ago, was beaten over the Henley course of 1 mile and 550 yards. So too could Mr. Cook say that no Yale crew had ever in his remembrance shown distress at the end of four miles equal to that of the Yale crew which was beaten over the short Henley course.

Any man of intelligent observation and practical experience can bear testimony that the longer race, either in foot-racing or rowing, is nothing like so punishing, so exhausting, as the shorter race. Except where crews were badly overtrained, there have been no cases of collapse in American 'varsity four-mile rowing. On the other hand, collapse of individuals at the end of two miles has been somewhat frequent.

Whoso studies this question deeply, and brings to bear upon his investigations experience gained on the track or in the boat, learns that a man starts in a race—afloat or ashore—with a certain amount of speed, endurance, vitality, which he distributes throughout the space of his endeavor according to his judgment. He can exhaust this fund in one mile as surely as in four. The shorter the race, the faster the pace, the harder on the heart and wind, and consequently the more distressing.

ALL hard racing is exhausting, but the longer distances are not so punishing. For instance, the most exhausting distance in foot-racing is the quarter-mile, in which the athlete maintains top speed from start to finish. It is more trying than the half mile, and the half-mile is severer than the mile or the two miles. I cannot recall the collapse of a runner at the finish of a one, two, or three mile race, whereas collapse at the finish of a quarter is very frequent. The 1 mile and 550 yards, the Henley distance, is the quarter of boat-racing, and infinitely more distressing than the four miles.

McGINNIS (MICH.).

BLENCOE (MICH.).

Of the alleged injuries gained by distance-rowing, President Eliot and others whose words carry less weight, talk glibly of the harm four-mile rowing has done; but their deductions are pure surmise, prompted by unfriendly prejudice, and a university President at least should be less reckless of statement.

C. F. Fisher (Grinnell). J. F. McLean (Mich.). P. J. O'Dea (Wis.).

WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE HURDLES.
Three men tie for first place. Time, 16 1-5 sec.
Photograph by Charles L. Bliss.

There are no facts or figures to corroborate the claim that four-mile rowing is harmful. I have been quite as diligent a student of this subject as any one—and have failed to unearth them. There are not any to be found. I ask those who can do so to contradict my statement, and I will gladly publish what substantiated facts they bring to the discussion.

On the other hand, there are books of facts, based upon expert investigation, proving that four-mile rowing is not harmful. There has been nothing but sensation and prejudice and ignorance to support the agitation for a reduction of the four miles to three.

AS for the crew leading at three miles being invariably the winner—it is a fact that such has been the general case in American university boat-racing, and frequently the case also in the annual race between Oxford and Cambridge. But that is no more convincing of the advisability of cutting off the final mile than the fact that the usual leading at two miles of the winner of a three-mile foot-race is convincing argument that all three-mile races are always won at two miles, and should be cut down to that distance.

If that kind of argument were to prevail, we might bring the distance down to three, then to two, to one, and so on *ad absurdum*, to conform with the ideas of men who are governed by unreasoning bias.

Mr. Lehmann cites some half-dozen races between Oxford and Cambridge that were lost by the crew which had been leading at three miles, and as many other races that remained unsettled until within a few lengths of the finish-line.

Let us have either an end of this pointless agitation over reducing the distance to three miles, or else more intelligent discussion of the question by those who object to the present distance.

There are not many sportsmen who would favor such a change, and those of us familiar with our athletic shortcomings would deeply deplore any action lessening development of our enduring qualities.

We are already too much a race of sprinters; there are today but two first-class two-mile runners in our colleges, and not more than four of good second-class quality. We need more two and three mile events on our athletic programmes, more 'cross-country running, and a continuation of four-mile rowing.

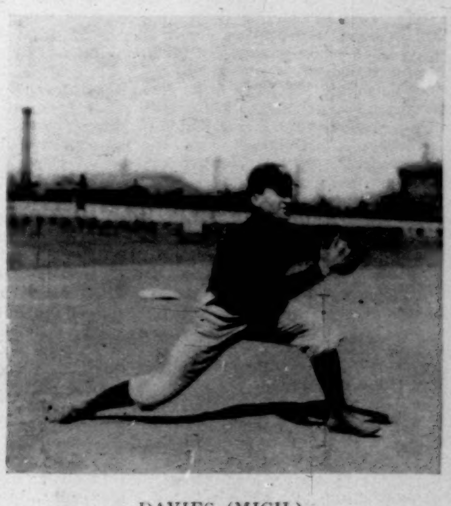
"COLUMBIA," appropriately named defender of the *America's* Cup, and product of Commodore Morgan's sportsmanship and Herreshoff's design, on the evening of June 10 slid from her cradle in the shop where she was built, into the waters of Narragansett Bay. The launching had been made the occasion of a holiday at Bristol, and when Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin christened and started the new yacht on her ways at quarter after eight, there were perhaps five thousand people on the water before the shops and crowding the immediate shore. A fact in itself suggestive of the obviously increased interest in the cup races this year, for not half that many witnessed the launching of *Defender*, which defeated *Valkyrie* in the last international contest (1895) for this famous trophy.

Columbia is no disappointment at first sight. She looks

MILLER (MICH.).
Beginning of Delivery.

MILLER (MICH.).
Finish of Delivery.

LUNN (MICH.),
Captain and Catcher.



DAVIES (MICH.),
Short stop.

to be what she probably is—the racing-machine type in perfected detail. It does not require great study of her lines to note that she is of lighter and yet more powerful design than *Defender*; that with a smaller under-body and shorter keel, she is yet larger and deeper and stronger, and amply qualified to stand up under the 1100 or 1200 more square feet of canvas it is proposed to put on her than the '95 defender carried.

HERRESHOFF has more nearly approached the true fin-keel type with *Columbia* than he did with *Defender*, but in so doing he has, so far as one may presently judge by mere appearance, gained a great deal in stability and in windward qualifications.

Defender had a decided and speed-deterring tendency to carry a lee helm; she did not equal fullest expectations in working to windward, and experts have agreed that the character of her keel, which was of the bulbed and rocker type, and 35 feet long on top, was largely answerable for the failing.

Columbia's lead keel, which weighs about 95 tons, is a plate rather than a bulb, about 30 feet long on top, 6 feet deep at its heel, and 7 ft. 6 in. deep at its forward end. From the heel forward for about 18 feet the keel is flat—parallel with the water-line—then in an easy curve it rounds upward into the straight line of its forward end.

The top of the keel is 20 inches wide at its widest part, which is 10 feet from the forward end, and then it gradually tapers to 4 inches at the after end, while rounding to a point forward. The thickest part of the keel at bottom is 34 inches—under the thickest part of the top.

The lines of the keel are much easier than those of the bulb pattern, and suggest in *Columbia* ease in slipping through the water, sail-carrying power, and extreme quickness in stays.

IN model the new boat is indeed the very nearest approach to the out-and-out fin-keel type we have seen in a large yacht. The under-body is cut away to the last possible inch. The overhang forward is longer, but the upward turn of the stem, from the water, is not so sharp as *Defender's*. The midship section shows a sharper hollow at the turn from the keel into the body, a rounder side, and flatter floor.

Columbia's backbone is a bronze keel-plate, to which the lead keel is hung by lag-screws, as in *Defender*, and from which the boat's frames rise. The rudder is hung on the stern-post, and not clear of the fin as in the 30-footers.

Her dimensions approximately are—length, 131 feet over all, and 89 ft. 6 in. on the water-line; beam, 24 ft. 2 in.; draught, just under 20 feet—about 19 ft. 10 in. The vertical depth of the yacht midships from the plank-sheer to the bottom of the keel is 24 feet. From the water-line to plank-sheer is 4 feet. *Defender* is about 124 feet long over all, 89 feet water-line length, beam just over 23 feet, and draught about 19 feet.

Columbia is constructed of nickel-steel frames and deck beams and Tobin-bronze plating, and frames and beams are bulked on the web for greater strength, as they are in torpedo-boats. The bronze plating varies in thickness from $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch on the lower parts of the yacht to $\frac{5}{32}$ of an inch on the extreme ends of the boat; the average thickness of plating above water is $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch.

The deck will be of white, and the cabin-floor beams of yellow pine, bolted to steel brackets on the frames.

The mast is 107 ft. 6 in. long; 22 feet being in the masthead, and about 8 feet buried below deck, leaving 77 feet from deck to hounds—about 5 feet more than *Defender* had. Its diameter at the hounds is 22 inches.

The topmast is 64 feet in the rough, and will probably be about a foot less in measurement for sail area. The bowsprit will extend outboard 27 feet, making the distance from the fore side of the mast to the farthermost point of measurement about 73 feet.

The steel boom is 109 ft. 8 in., and the gaff about 69 feet long. *Defender's* boom was 105 feet; therefore those extra lengths on *Columbia* show an additional strip of canvas of about 4 feet in favor of the new boat. *Columbia's* longest club-topsail pole is 58 feet, and its tip will be nearly 175 feet above the water, or 35 feet too high to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge.

This will give the new boat a spread of canvas close on to 13,800 feet, which is about 1200 feet more than *Defender*, and about 800 more than *Valkyrie III.* carried, and, in fact, the largest sail area ever given a racing-cutter.

That *Columbia* will defeat *Defender* in the forth-coming trial races is certain; by how many minutes she will defeat her over a thirty-mile course is pure conjecture. If she does not prove at least five minutes faster there will be great disappointment among American yachtsmen; and on the other hand, it will not be surprising if the new defender leads the old defender across the finish-line full ten minutes over her time allowance.

MICHIGAN appears to have developed a right to precedence in Middle-Western college baseball, though three straight victories from Illinois were required to make the demonstration convincing,—for Illinois had previously won a game from Michigan, besides twice defeating Chicago.

Chicago and Michigan, it is remembered, have nothing to do with each other in athletics at present, the result of disagreement over the disposition of gate receipts.

But perhaps the best work Michigan showed in the West was the recent defeat (7–1) of Notre Dame, which has won more games than lost from almost every leading Western college. Miller struck out ten of the Notre Dame men, and against Wisconsin made the record of fifteen strike-outs. Though it must be added that Wisconsin is not very strong at the bat.

While it may be questioned as being worth the money it cost, Michigan's record on the Eastern trip was very commendable, showing defeats of Cornell (8–7) and Pennsylvania (4–1), and a game lost to Lafayette (2–4). Of these the best work was shown against Pennsylvania, which at that time was playing fast though only fairly accurate ball. The game was practically a contest of pitchers, and Miller and Brown broke about even.

The important revelation Michigan made in the East concerns her intelligent grasp of the game's possibilities. In the field and on the bases Michigan showed fast, accurate work, quite above average college baseball. She is not especially strong at the bat, but plays a heady game, and makes the legitimate most of her opportunities. Snow, Flesher, and Lunn particularly distinguished themselves for the Western team. Miller, her pitcher, has great speed, a limited repertory of curves and drops, and is lacking in the finesse of his position; none the less, he is a strong man in the box. Had he pitched against Lafayette, the chances of a Michigan victory would have been greatly enhanced.

HARVARD squared accounts with Brown last week by a 9–0 beating at Cambridge, in a game devoid of error-making on either side, and followed it up by defeating (1–0) Holy Cross with only one error. A week of play deeply gratifying to Harvard men, for the crimson nine really showed first-class ball. Coming so soon and lasting so consistently after the rally which snatched victory (7–6) from defeat in the second Pennsylvania game, raises hope that Harvard has finally reached her level, and one which will disclose the nine's real capabilities. There is no doubt the Harvard team contains good baseball material and knows the game. But it seems to have had an overdose of coaching, to have been given more instruction than it could well digest—like those football elevens with their flying evolutions of a few years ago, that used to be sent on to the field literally crammed to bursting with a formidable list of intricate plays, half of which there was never time to bring off, and the other half the eleven had been given no time to thoroughly master.

If indeed Harvard has attained her real form, we shall view some interesting play in the Yale series beginning on the 22d, and the crimson should win their home game; and though it seems unlikely—baseball is so uncertain—Harvard might even win the series. Yale, however, has the stronger nine, and should win the series.

Harvard's greatest improvement is noticeable in freedom from error-making and in batting. In the first Brown game she made seven hits to Brown's ten, but thirteen to Pennsylvania's seven; seventeen to Brown's four in the second game, and five to Holy Cross's two.

BROWN has given some exhibitions of first-class baseball, notably in the third game she lost to Holy Cross (2–5) and in her brilliant play against Harvard; but on more frequent occasions the errors of her in-field have marred the general team-work, and lost games which there was at least fair prospect of winning.

PENNSYLVANIA is ending her baseball season weakly, after some excellent earlier work. Unless she improves on her second Harvard game, and on those against Michigan and Chicago, both lost (1–4 and 3–9), the team's closing play will fall considerably short of its potential strength. Its development was consistent and steady, and in the closing weeks of May its play thoroughly first-class. But the first week of June seemed to bring reaction and a period of loose work, for which there appeared no excuse. Added to which the captain's (Gillender's) muckerish yapping from first base *à la* Hutchings, the ex-third-base man of Princeton, remains a highly offensive feature to non-partisan spectators.

PRINCETON defeated Yale in New York on Saturday, in the final game of their series, by a margin so wide (11–4) that there can be no questioning the final award of honors in the college baseball season. Yet the outcome was a considerable surprise; not that Princeton should win, but that she should win so easily. None familiar with the play of both nines would have ventured to suggest such a reversal of Yale form or so one-sided a contest. But we should always be prepared for the least expected in this game, where the uncertainty of form makes it impossible to accurately judge the merits of college nines. The score-cards this year offer brilliant examples of inconsistent play. Yale and Harvard both defeated Brown; Brown defeated Princeton; and Princeton defeated Harvard and Yale. Cornell took a game from Princeton, but lost to Harvard and Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania beat Georgetown, which has defeated all the other colleges, and then succumbed to Michigan, which in turn was laid low by Cornell! etc.

Yale was fairly beaten Saturday by a nine that outplayed her at all points of the game. Princeton's work was clean and snappy in the field, fast and well judged on the bases, and hard and timely at the bat. To be sure, Yale's three errors and some very poor base-running contributed to Princeton's run-getting, but the real explanation is furnished by the ineffectiveness of both Yale's pitchers, whom Princeton batted when and where she chose. On the other hand, Princeton's pitcher, Hillebrand, had strength and control, as his striking out three men with the bases full in the second inning indicated. The hits made off him were scattered, and in addition, his own batting was the best of his side. Both teams batted rather freely throughout the game, and while Princeton had some luck, she showed also more judgment than Yale, who appeared unable to place hits at all.

Each side had six men left on bases, and Hillebrand struck out eight to Robertson's one and Cook's three. Each side made three errors.

THERE will be some desperate racing next Tuesday (27th) on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, in the Cornell-Columbia-Pennsylvania-Wisconsin four miles, and if the crews fulfil present promise, the struggle is likely to be as protracted and close as it was last year in the three miles at Saratoga. I doubt if the three-mile mark will see the final disposition of the contestants. Cornell, one week before the race, has perhaps the least finished crew that has come from Ithaca in the last three years or more, but on the 27th, I doubt not, it will paddle to the start fully up to the Cornell average.

There is no doubt, however, that the usual abundance of first-class material has been lacking, and therefore the veterans of a previous year missed this season more than hitherto. Courtney has been obviously dissatisfied; but Courtney's standard is very high, it should be remembered, and those who expect the difficulties of this year to mean the difference between a winning and losing crew are apt to undergo disappointment on Tuesday.

Cornell's 'varsity is rougher in appearance than some of her crews have been, but it is a good crew, averaging 161 pounds, with plenty of power, and I think will develop speed. At this writing the boat is running less smoothly than has been customary with Cornell shells, but this will likely not be an apparent shortcoming on the 27th.

No change will probably be made in the present order of the crew, which is—stroke, R. W. Robbins; No. 7, W. C. Dalzell; No. 6, R. W. Beardslee; No. 5, E. R. Sweetland; No. 4, A. C. King; No. 3, S. W. Wakeman; No. 2, H. E. Vanderhoef; bow, S. W. Hartley. Of these, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are old 'varsity oars, and the fact that Wakeman, who has not been regularly rowing this year, was called into the boat only two weeks before the race indicates the measure of Courtney's dissatisfaction and Cornell's need.

PENNSYLVANIA unquestionably has a strong, enduring crew, and one capable of very good time under fair conditions. On Saturday, with a strong tide and wind in its favor, I caught it in 21 min. 3 sec. for the four miles—the first two being done in 10 min. 13 sec., at a thirty-two-to-the-minute stroke, which was raised to thirty-four and maintained to the end. The Freshmen were picked up at the mile, and held the 'varsity to the three-mile post, when the 'varsity pulled away and won by fully six lengths.

Ward has coached this crew to a high degree of perfection in his stroke, which depends so largely on the leg drive, to the slighting of the catch, and the men send the boat along with surprisingly little checking between the strokes. There is good reach, though no immediate grip of the water follows, but the leg drive on the finish of the stroke is strong and speed-giving.

The essential difference between this stroke and Cornell's lies in the latter's immediate application of power at the catch. Cornell not only puts on the power at once, but carries it clear through to the finish, and I have not seen any other stroke this year on the Hudson or Thames which in my judgment is good enough to beat it.

With the exception of putting in Davenport and taking out Evans, there has been no change in the personnel of the Pennsylvania crew for weeks, and six of the men now rowing were also in the boat which did three miles in 15 min. 51 sec. at Saratoga last year and defeated Cornell. The remaining two—Davenport and Howell—rowed on the '98 Freshman, the former at stroke.

Stroke, J. P. Gardiner; No. 7, J. H. Hall; No. 6, J. A. Busch; No. 5, J. B. Snover; No. 4, A. H. Flickwir; No. 3, F. L. Davenport; No. 2, W. R. Howell; bow and captain, L. Kintzing. The crew's form is fully up to its best of '98—perhaps it even gets a better run on the boat. The average weight is 158 lbs.

COLUMBIA has the best crew she has had, certainly since the victorious eight of '95, and win or lose this year, the return of Dr. Peet to the coaching launch gives assurance of a fixed rowing policy, which is sure to bring in season a fair share of successes to the blue and white. The features of the stroke Columbia is rowing to-day are a very quick recover, the hands getting away instantly and with great rapidity, and a hard snappy catch; these are accentuated more by Columbia than by any other crew on either river, and if the stroke was pulled through as hard at the finish, and with the leg drive at the end, such as Cornell gives, Columbia would have a combination that we look for in winning crews. As it is, there is a very fair leg drive at the finish of the stroke, and the run on the boat is smooth. There is a suggestion of speed in Columbia's work that promises well, but there is also apparent, on long stretches of rowing, a tendency to shorten the stroke that must be corrected, or prove costly on Tuesday. Then, too, occasionally there is indecision in the work of No. 4 that jars on the rhythm of the eight. The men are a clean-limbed, hardy-looking lot, averaging 166 pounds, and, with the exception of No. 2, are all definitely seated. Stroke, B. M. Falconer; No. 7, O. W. Erdal; No. 6, Captain J. W. MacKay; No. 5, S. P. Nash; No. 4, L. F. Le Prince; No. 3, C. N. Meyer; No. 2, F. B. Irvine and A. N. Lawrence; bow, H. Thomas. Substitutes—W. E. Mitchell, Robert Maclay, and J. W. Southack. Bow, No. 6, and No. 7 were on the '98 'varsity, and all the others sat in the '98 Freshman boat, save Irvine, who was a substitute on this year's Freshman crew until taken on to the 'varsity.

IT is quite possible, of course, that Cornell may not obtain the necessary finish in the remaining week of practice, and be defeated on Tuesday, but I confess I shall be surprised if the masterful stroke Courtney has given his pupils does not pull them to victory. Yet it must be acknowledged that Pennsylvania is a formidable opponent, and one that will contest the race to the very finish. Hers is a stroke, however, that visits heaviest penalty upon the slightest break in the boat, and in a driving finish Columbia might beat her out. On present form and revealed speed, however, it looks as though the finish would be Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia. Wisconsin is an unknown quantity, and though the Western crews have shown power and some speed, they have not yet been in such fast company as will be found on the Hudson this year.

Of the Freshman crews, Columbia's and Cornell's have shown the best form and speed, and Columbia particularly has an exceedingly good No. 8, whom I should not be surprised to see stroke his crew to victory.

YALE is beginning to give some indication of the speed which a veteran eight of such undoubted power should show, and yet at this writing no rowing has been done to alter the impression that the crew is slow—slower than last year's, which pulled in excellent form, but was by no means fast.

The trouble seems not so much inability to row well, but lack of lift and drive. The men are wanting snap on the catch, and the fierce drive through the water that has been characteristic of victorious Yale crews. On short stretches in the past week there have been signs of obtaining that very needful quality; but anon there is return to the gentle art of pushing the boat through water that looks pretty, but will bring no glory on the 29th.

Meanwhile Harvard is still seeking that absolutely necessary drive at the end of the stroke, and does not appear to find it with any degree of constancy. The crimson crew is certainly faster than that of last year—is, in fact, the best Harvard has sent to New London for many a year—but the men must get that final leg drive, otherwise Yale, even slow as she is now, will have power enough to overbalance her rival's greater dash. Already Yale is gaining, and for a half-mile the crews seem about equal in speed, which means that if that strong finish does not come to Harvard in this her last week of practice, she will finish second, whereas she has the chance of a lifetime to finish first.

Caspar Whitney.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—By W. J. Henderson.—With Diagrams.—Cloth, 6 × 3⅝ Inches—203 Pages, $1 00

Diary of the Revolt

Preliminary Note on the Situation.—During the week ending June 10 the scene of certain events, little noticed at the moment, but actually of great significance, was the town of Cabanatuan, which lies twelve miles north of San Isidro. At this point Aguinaldo had established his headquarters when Lawton, after taking San Isidro, turned southward. The first of the significant events was the (reported) murder of General Antonio Luna when applying for admission at Aguinaldo's headquarters; the second was the dissolution of the Filipino Congress by Aguinaldo, who proclaimed himself Dictator. General Luna had long been regarded as a rival of the Filipino leader. A chief source of the enemy's weakness had been division of authority, consequent dissension, and inability to adhere to a common plan of action; the concentration of power in the hand of a single man, suggested as a probability, even though not accepted as an accomplished fact, was therefore a menace on the north. On the east, in the neighborhood of Morong, the enemy was very active, and the American garrison left at that town was employed in throwing up intrenchments. But on the south the danger came nearest; as we have noted from time to time in this Diary, the Tagálogs of Cavité province were ready for aggressive action, and had already tried to rush through our lines and reach Manila.

At Washington the authorities were slowly realizing and reluctantly admitting that Otis needed more men.

Saturday, June 10. — General Lawton's third campaign against the Filipino armies surrounding Manila began to-day. We have seen him leading the advance on San Isidro, and then, immediately after his return from the north, directing a movement from our lines on the east, which resulted in scattering the forces of the enemy in the Morong peninsula; now this rugged Indian-fighter, taking command of Wheaton's and Ovenshine's brigades, attempted to dislodge the well-organized bodies of Filipinos south of the capital, along the shore of Manila Bay — at Parañaque, Las Piñas, the Zapote River, Bacoor, and Cavité Viejo.

At daybreak the column set out from San Pedro Macati, on the Pasig River. Instead of marching directly on Parañaque, Lawton feinted with a movement toward the southeast, as though meaning to strike some point on Laguna de Bay. When abreast of Las Piñas, but far to the east, Wheaton's brigade was swung to the northwest, and Ovenshine's due west—a characteristic Lawton movement, which, if it had been executed very rapidly, would have placed the main body of the natives between two fires. But again, as at Morong and San Fernando, there was delay, which no skill or strength or bravery could prevent; and in this instance the archenemy was the fierce heat of June in the tropics. During the day nearly six hundred of the Americans were prostrated. At noon the column was halted for an hour to allow the men to rest. When the advance was resumed (Lawton leading with his escort) enough resistance was offered by intrenched Filipinos to interrupt the steady progress towards Manila Bay; accordingly our men bivouacked at nightfall in the fields near Las Piñas, and through the opening thus left between our outposts and the beach the Filipinos escaped during the night, marching southward along the shore to the Zapote River and Bacoor.

The monitor *Monadnock* and the gunboat *Helena* shelled Parañaque and Las Piñas all day. For the former vessel this was the culmination of an experience which had been protracted through two months, during all of which time she had been lying off Parañaque under fire. Captain Henry Ezra Nichols, of the *Monadnock*, was overcome by the heat at noon, and retired to his cabin, where he received reports of the operations and the advance of the Americans, who were closing in upon the towns. He continued to give directions until he lost consciousness. At five o'clock in the afternoon he died.

Sunday, June 11.—A despatch from General Otis to the War Department stated that the terrific heat yesterday did not permit our troops to reach their positions at the hours designated, and that, owing to this circumstance, a majority of the native soldiers were enabled to escape in scattered organizations during the night. "Movement great success, however; enemy disorganized and routed, suffering heavy loss; troops resting to-day at Las Piñas and Parañaque. Navy did excellent execution along shore of bay; but many insurgent detachments retired in that direction, protected by presence of women and children, whom they drive along with them. Our loss, four killed and some thirty wounded. Conservative estimate of enemy's loss, about four hundred."

Our men entered Las Piñas and Parañaque early in the morning, without firing a shot. The native soldiers had all retreated, or disguised themselves as "friends."

Monday, June 12.—A day devoted to forwarding supplies from Manila, resting, and securing information in regard to the enemy's movements. General Lawton went aboard the *Helena* and examined the coast south of Las Piñas. General Pio del Pilar's secretary, who had deserted his master on Saturday, informed General Otis that the Filipinos would make their stand on the banks of the Zapote, at a point where a Spanish battalion was destroyed in 1898.

Tuesday, June 13.—The hardest battle of the war occurred to-day, although in the official despatches weaker terms were employed, and it was said that Lawton had had "severe engagements" with the enemy in strong intrenchments at the crossing of Zapote River, and that he had "driven the enemy," inflicting a loss of nearly 1500, either killed, wounded, or captured, while our casualties were ten killed and forty wounded. "Insurgents in this southern section," General Otis added, by way of explanation, "were not molested until they *threatened attack in strong force on Manila.* They are now scattered and in retreat; it is doubtful if they make a further stand."

A few details of the fighting follow:

Early in the morning a battery south of Las Piñas opened fire on our lines. Six guns of the First Artillery replied, and the warships also took part. While this exchange of shells at long range was going on, Lawton took out two companies of the Twenty-first Infantry to make a reconnoissance over the mud flats between Manila Bay and the road connecting the several coast towns which have been mentioned. This party was attacked by an overwhelming force and driven back, but Lawton rallied his men and carried the enemy's first position. Again they were exposed to a fire which decimated their ranks, and again sought cover, while re-enforcements were ordered up. The engagement thus precipitated lasted until noon. Marines from the *Monadnock* and *Helena* were landed. The Americans finally succeeded in forcing their way, literally through fire and blood—through bayous and against an enemy fighting with desperate courage—to Ovenshine's brigade. The main attack in the afternoon was directed against the native soldiers splendidly intrenched near the Zapote bridge, but, though this was the key to the situation, the enemy's riflemen seemed to be everywhere, and even the "friends" in the houses of the towns, by one of their sudden shameless transitions, becoming hostiles in an instant, fired on our men from the rear. The planking in the middle of the bridge had been burned to prevent the Americans from charging across; it became necessary for Lawton's and Ovenshine's men, occupying an exposed position, to drive the Filipinos from their trenches on the opposite bank by dint of heavy and continuous firing. At last this was effected; the enemy broke and ran across an open field, few of them escaping unhurt. The Fourteenth Infantry swam the river; the Ninth and Twelfth made a détour and came upon the left flank almost at the same time; the marines with Maxim guns rendered good service at this juncture; finally the bridge was repaired, and the Twenty-first crossed on it. This, however, was just before dark, and there had been hot fighting ever since sunrise.

Marrion Wilcox.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

AN EXCURSION

Into the country, out camping, fishing, or just a picnic, will be incomplete in outfit unless supplied with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In tea, coffee, and many summer beverages it is delicious. Don't buy unknown brands.—[*Adv.*]

Try it. Once used it takes the precedence of all others—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It has a most delicious bouquet.—[*Adv.*]

Never "tired out," if you intelligently use Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Grocers and Druggists. —[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Are you
Interested
In California?

See for yourself if all that is claimed for its climate and opportunities is true.

The **Santa Fe Route** will make very low round-trip rates in late June and early July, on such liberal conditions that you may see not only California, but any other portion of the great West.

24 to 36 hours shorter to Los Angeles than any other route.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
CHICAGO.

COURTHOUSE, SPOKANE
The Sign of the Best
NORTHERN PACIFIC
SENATOR CLARK'S RES. BUTTE
IN POINT DEFIANCE PARK, TACOMA

Across
The
Continent

Was the title of a popular lecture 40 YEARS AGO. Such a trip meant much then; it means MORE now.

We have TWO FAST TRAINS that DAILY start on this trip of 2000 MILES across valleys, mountains and plains. They start from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and set their passengers down at Fargo, Butte, Helena, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and the towns between. The trains are vestibuled, carry Pullman's best TOURIST and FIRST CLASS Sleeping Cars, THROUGH DINING Cars and the usual day equipment. Send six cents for WONDERLAND '99 and read about the country these trains traverse.

CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. A.,
St. Paul, Minn.

LADIES STRAW SAILORS
1899
SHAPES
NOW READY

KNOX
HATS

All mail orders promptly executed. Send for 1899 Catalogue
KNOX-HATTER FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL 194 FIFTH AVE. N.Y.

B. Altman & Co.

STATIONERY DEP'T.

Latest ideas in polite correspondence Papers; Stationery requisites for Travelling, etc.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Anniversary, Reception, At-Home, and Visiting Cards engraved in a superior manner.

Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue
New York.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

Industrial Consolidations Organized and Underwritten

Combinations of good industrial enterprises organized and incorporated under the laws of any State, and underwriting of first-class industrial and other corporation securities arranged by

WILLIAM R. WEEKS 11 Broadway New York City
Financial and Corporation Lawyer

BOKER'S BITTERS
Quickly cure stomach troubles brought on by heat and overwork.

THE CELEBRATED
PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist. SOHMER PIANOS and the refined musical public
New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING, 170 5th Ave. Cor. 22d Street.
CAUTION-- The buying public will please not confound the genuine Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. S-O-H-M-E-R
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF “LORRAINE,” ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. On the train to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, professes her love for the supposed von Elbe, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She gives him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. Edric turns and sees Hardy. They go to Hardy's apartments, and he tells Edric of his adventures in prison. He asks Edric to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. He tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's opposition. Gendarmes come to arrest Edric, who is wounded, and is taken into the care of the Grand-Duchess. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. Osborne informs him that he is to resign for a while from the United States service, and to reorganize the Luxembourg army. He meets the Countess, and promises to use his influence to reconcile the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess, who, though loving each other, are drifting apart. The Countess, believing that Edric had come to Luxembourg out of love for the Grand-Duchess, had resolved to visit him in prison, out of friendship for the Grand-Duchess, and, impersonating the latter, force him in honor to leave. Learning that the supposed Edric was Hardy, she becomes furiously angry.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS EXCELLENCY RETURNS.

In which two young men insist that there is no more balm in Gilead, and a woman declares war.

“THERE is no balm in Gilead!”

We pass the first part of life in desiring the second; the second, in regretting the first; the third, in longing for immortality. “God knows what we'll want after that!” said I to myself. “There is no such thing as being satisfied.”

It was clear that I was not satisfied.

“Do I care whether a silly young girl finds me detestable or delectable?” said I to myself.

Nobody replied. It is true I was alone.

“Is there such a thing as satisfaction in existence?” I asked myself, irritably. “Even celestial conditions are mirages; ‘Heaven, the *vision* of fulfilled desire’—”

By this time I was climbing the curved marble stairway in that section of the Hôtel de la Maison Royale that lay directly over the east colonnade. At the head of the stairs stalked a filigreed flunky, who proved docile enough to announce me; and presently another servant, who apparently served the Prince as valet, ushered me into an exceedingly rococo morning-room, full of sunshine and the odor of Flemish tobacco. Prince Edric, swathed in a kimono, his head tied up in bandages, sat by the bay-window, rocking vigorously in an American rocking-chair.

“Hello!” he cried; “have you a decent cigar?”

“Hello!” I said, much amused; “I've a caseful.”

“This is delightful!” he rattled on, in that same eager, boyish voice. “I'm half crazy with ennui and rocking-chairs—one of your insidious Yankee inventions. You sit in it, and it rocks—then you rock it yourself—then you get tired of it; but it has some damnable infatuation for you that keeps you rocking, until you're ready to smash it. But you don't; you keep on rocking!”

I was as glad to see him as he was to see me; I felt that warmth of comradeship, that subtle sympathy, that must be mutual to exist at all. And straightway we began chatting like old friends long parted.

“That whack on my head hurt like the devil last night,” he observed; “but to-day it's healing. Want to see it?”

I examined it, redressed the wound, and prepared him a long glass of Rhine-wine and Schwepps, for he still felt a trifle feverish. Incidentally I made a similar cooling draught for myself.

“Can't stand this hospital atmosphere,” he said, drinking deeply, and touching his mustache with his handkerchief; “I'm going out to-morrow—I've got to go—”

“No, you haven't,” I said; “I'll do whatever is necessary.”

“You can't,” he rejoined, faintly amused—“not in this case.”

His face had changed; again that careworn shadow fell deeply under his handsome eyes.

“What a worry life is!” he said, petulantly; “boyhood is the happiest time.”

“It's a pity we have to become men before we know it,” I added.

“‘Le vieillard est un homme qui a diné et qui regarde les autres manger,’” he quoted, gloomily. “I'm getting on in years.”

“What's the matter?” I asked. “Don't tell unless it will do you good.”

“Oh, I want to tell,” he replied, laughing, yet a little vexed at his unconcealed necessity for a confidant. “I'm awfully tired of dining on my own misery. Do you mind? It's a woman, of course.”

Perhaps I should have discouraged confidence under other conditions. A healthy-minded man seldom sympathizes intelligently with a lovesick comrade. But the episode by the fountain had worked in me a fresh-water “change into something rich and strange”—what, I no more suspected than Bottom suspected his ass's ears. I merely knew I was miserable myself, and, desiring company, I said, “Go ahead.”

He tied the tassels on his bath-robe tighter, rocked solemnly, stopped, rocked again, sighed, and continued rocking as he spoke.

“It's this—there's no use in blinding myself any longer: I'm hopelessly in love with a young girl whom I never saw but once in my life, and unless I marry her I don't want to live!”

“The forester's niece?” I asked.

“Yes—and no. She was not the forester's niece—that's the puzzling part of it; for the Duchess told me this morning that the late head forester had no niece. Yet he certainly told me at the time that she was a niece or something of his or somebody's.”

“Can't you find her?” I asked, curiously.

“No, I can't. How am I going to, when I don't know her name? At least, I believe that her first name is Helma; but that doesn't count, because it was merely a baby name, she said.”

“Oh, she said so?”

“Yes. She wouldn't tell me any more. She laughed at me in the prettiest, shyest way—only I felt at times that she was enjoying something or other at my expense. I don't believe she spoke a dozen words to me, all told.”

“Did you tell her or the head forester who you were?” I asked, much interested.

“No; I called myself von Elbe—it's a family name. Then I went away, after giving her the ring.”

“But next day—didn't you go back?”

“No, confound it! I left Luxembourg an hour later. You know, there was some talk of my betrothal to the Queen of Holland? She came to Wilverwiltz with the Queen-Regent that very morning—poor little innocent—ignorant that our gracious Emperor had decided to mate us, as you and I mate pigeons! So when I learned that the little Queen had arrived to be exhibited with me I took pity on her first, and I took pity on myself next, and then I took ‘the key of the fields.’”

“You ran away?” I exclaimed, delightedly.

“I ran away from Wilverwiltz the very day that her petite Majesty arrived. I never saw her; she never saw me. But when she learned the Emperor's plans she snubbed us all around—and here's to her! *Prosit!*”

We emptied our glasses to the youthful Queen of Holland.

Edric began to rock again, staring absently at the sunny window-curtains.

“You see,” he said, “I can't waste time nursing a damaged noddle; I must get out—I must try to find her. Hardy, I simply can't be happy without her.” He pointed at the wall, where he had carefully nailed a group of a dozen photographs—the photographs I had seen him buy—all pictures of the lovely little Queen of Holland.

“They remind me of her,” he said, looking somewhat silly, as men always do under such circumstances. “But she was much more beautiful,” he added.

“Love is like a climbing rose-vine—the more you check it, the faster it grows,” I said, trying not to speak sentimentally.

Edric looked up.

“Now don't tell me *you* are in love!” he cried—“you, the prudent, the cool, the practical—”

“In love!” I retorted, startled. “Pooh!”

Edric regarded me with a mocking smile; then he hummed aloud a couplet that certainly had no meaning for me:

“Ne cherchons point un vain détour
Pour excuser notre faiblesse;
Les premiers soupirs de l'amour
Sont les derniers de la sagesse!”

An hour later I left him, promising to call again next day; and as I descended the marble stairway and traversed the deserted court, I glanced wistfully at the two splashing fountains. The silence was accentuated by the mellow echoes of falling water; nothing of life remained there, save two dusty little sparrows, demurely drinking, side by side, at the fountain rim.

“They are on better terms than the Countess and I,” said I to myself, with needless bitterness; for what did I care?

When I reached the Legation and went up stairs to my apartments, I found the Duke's tailor in the anteroom. It depressed me.

The process of being measured for anything is maddening. Add to this the presence of a servile tailor, who skipped when spoken to and lisped in Teutonic-French, and the result is enough to upset Patience—and her pedestal into the bargain.

At last he skipped roguishly away, leaving me in a mood for crime.

“Oh, how beautiful you will be!” said Osborne, looking in at the door. “My! my! all gold and feathers and precious stones and pearls of wisdom! A perfect aide-de-camp!”

“Come, Victor,” I said, wearily, “let me alone, or there'll be a vacancy in the diplomatic service.”

He noticed I was out of humor.

“See the Countess?” he inquired, sympathetically.

“None of your business,” I answered, more in anger than in sorrow.

“I told you so,” he said; “I told you what she did to nice young men. Now, next week you'll prudently fall in love with the Duchess. We all do.”

“Did I say that I was in love with the Countess?” I asked, indignantly.

“No—you didn't say so,” replied Osborne, with an irritating drawl.

I threw myself on the bed and pretended to yawn.

“Mad?” inquired Osborne, in a mincing voice that roused me to fury.

He patiently dodged both pillows, ducked at a hair-brush, and placing his eyes at the door crack, observed me fondly.

“We're all like that at first,” he said. “Symptoms: hot head, sick feeling in cardiac muscles, peevishness, and a desire for assassination.”

I had to laugh.

“Hysteria, too,” he murmured; “crisis rapidly approaching. Remedy: a teaspoonful of philosophy in a pint of the milk of human kindness.”

“Don't, Victor,” I said; “I'm not in the humor for it.”

He came in and sat down on the edge of the bed beside me.

“Seriously,” he said, “don't let that little Countess double you up, Gilbert. She's absolutely cold and heartless, as far as that sort of thing goes. She's played the mischief with everybody in Luxembourg.”

“You don't fancy I'm in love with the Countess of Wilverwiltz, do you?” I asked, weakly.

“I don't know; are you?” he demanded.

I said “Pooh!”—a favorite expression of mine when I wished to compromise with truth. A moment later, realizing what “pooh” meant in my vocabulary, I started to add something else. But all I could think of was “Bosh.”

“Am I in love?” I asked myself, incredulously. Instead of a strong, vigorous mental denial, my vacillating will conjured up a single word—“Pooh!”

“Anyway,” I said, looking up at Osborne, “she hates me.”

“Then you are in love?” he reiterated, unrelentingly.

“Yes, damn it! I am,” I burst out.

The sudden mental illumination was perhaps so bright that it gave a lurid tinge to my language. No—there was no longer any doubt about it; I had caught fire from her eyes, and the smouldering cinder flared up with my wrath at Osborne's chaffing.

As for Osborne, once he saw how seriously I took it he became perfectly decent and unobtrusive. He merely wished me success, and said it in a way that left a warm spot in my heart for him for all time.

I remember he said, standing by the bed:

“It is the things one says to a woman that leave her indifferent; it is the things one leaves unsaid that make her understand that she is loved. Go it, St. George!”

After he had gone away it occurred to me that his dubbing me St. George left an inference that was scarcely flattering to the Countess.

“It will be a tougher battle than fighting dragons,” I said to myself.

Late that night his Excellency unexpectedly returned from The Hague. Osborne and I were asleep, but the racket the porters made with his Excellency's luggage in the marble-tiled hallway awoke us both.

“It's the old man,” said Osborne, disrespectfully, coming into my room in pajamas and slippers. “He'll want to see us, so you might as well get up.”

“And dress?” I asked, much annoyed.

We found his Excellency in the dining-room, applying himself earnestly to cold fowl and Rhine wine. He was, to my horror, enveloped in a badly creased duster; a travelling-cap lay on the table among the wineglasses; a Baedeker's *Guide to Luxembourg* rested beside it.

As I first set eyes upon his Excellency I understood at once that he was not a man—he was an institution: the embodiment of statesmanship as understood in village stores; the symbol of patriotism as worshipped in a rural metropolis; the apostle of culture as she is taught.

Osborne said that when his white chop whiskers were neatly brushed forward he appeared very impressive; at present he resembled a hungry buck-rabbit which had been rained on.

He was most civil to me—a trifle ponderous, perhaps, but kind. He said he was sorry I was not to remain a member of his official family—he said it with his mouth full of chicken.

Being above all conscientious, he spoke French, when he could, because it was the language of diplomacy, and he scorned to shirk it.

“I've been mostly all over ‘le continong’ since I saw you,” he explained to Osborne; “Paree, Munich, Antwerp, Rome—fixing things up all round.” Turning on me, he looked at me through the sides of the goblet from which he was drinking, dried his featureless mouth, cleared his throat, and said,

“Ever been to Rome?”

I said I had.

“See that wolf with Romeo and Juliette deriving nourishment? Ain't it grand?”

“Yes,” I said, gravely, not daring to look at Osborne.

“You remember the inscription, sir?” said Osborne, wickedly—“*Homo homini lupus*—what's born of a wolf will nurse wolves.”

His Excellency nodded, thoughtfully, as though briefly reviewing his college days. It was a shame to chaff him.

Yet, to look at him, he appeared to be a *fac-simile* of the accepted type of cultivated colorless prosperity. His mouth was absolutely faultless and expressionless, his features regular, his head benign.

“I guess I'll go to bed; I've got to see the Dook at ten,” said his Excellency.

We accompanied him to his apartments, where he bade us sit down until he returned from his dressing-room.

I looked pathetically at Osborne, who shrugged his shoulders and said:

“Don't be shocked; he's uncultivated, if you like, but he's too kindly to be vulgar, and too upright to be ignorant. His honesty confuses the diplomats; he is fearless and direct; he says exactly what he thinks; he never lies, never flatters, never hesitates. And the root of his success is his sublime faith in the greatness and justice of the country he represents.”

“I wish he wouldn't speak French,” I said.

“It is not affectation; it is an honest desire to shirk nothing that may confirm the dignity of his position and the infallibility of his country.”

A moment later his Excellency appeared in a long nightshirt and pink slippers, a bottle in one hand, a corkscrew in the other.

Osborne uncorked the bottle of American rye; his Excellency sat down, gravely acknowledging our raised glasses; then we silently crooked elbows and took our nightcaps without a shudder.

“Seen the Dook?” asked his Excellency, looking at me over his eye-glasses and licking his lips.

I replied in the negative.

"Been in prison, haven't you?" he continued, calmly.

I turned crimson to the root of every hair on my head. How on earth did he know I had been in prison? Osborne looked at me in astonishment.

"Why didn't you report to me, my son?" said his Excellency, kindly.

"I promised Giroux not to," I muttered.

"It ain't your dooty to make promises," he said; "you let me judge."

He did not speak harshly; he simply told me that he had been informed about my being mistaken for Prince Edric, and that my conduct in prison had been neither prudent nor dignified.

"A complaint came to me concerning your behavior," he said. "I'm requested to have the government recall you, Hardy."

"Recall me?" I stammered.

"But I ain't a-going to," he continued. "I guess the young lady got her deserts that time."

Mortified and miserable, I could not bear to meet Osborne's eyes; I sat staring at the carpet, too unhappy to even wonder at his Excellency's knowledge of my prison romance.

"I got the letter an hour ago," he said. "I guess I needn't say who the lady is; but she's mad clear through, and wants you out of the country."

So the Countess had declared war, and hostilities had begun! And this was the Countess's vengeance—a denunciation that might disgrace me, and send me where I would never again offend her eyes, where the sight of me or the mention of my name would never evoke the souvenir of her humiliation.

"It seems," continued his Excellency, "that she went to see another prisoner. Who was he?"

"You know, sir," I replied, in a low voice.

"Yes, I guess I do—and I guess I know why she went, too. No use in discussing that; she told me long ago she meant to keep him out of Luxembourg. That young man may get us all into trouble. But you did quite right, Lootenant, in claiming right of asylum in our Legation. *C'est nôtre droit*, eh?"

So he even knew about the riot!

"Are they going to extradite him?" I asked, in alarm.

"I guess not, Hardy. The Emperor knows he can't make omelets without breaking the eggs. There's no treaty between Prussia and Luxembourg that covers political offences; and the United States won't allow bullying."

His Excellency rose; Osborne lighted the bed-room candles and extinguished the lamp.

"When you're aide-de-camp," said his Excellency, winking at me, "you'll find it safer to smoke in a powder-bin than to make love to a certain young lady we know of."

I bade him good-night with a heavy heart, and followed Osborne out.

"But who the deuce is the young lady?" inquired Osborne, devoured by curiosity.

I replied, "Go to Guinea!" and entering my bed-room, double-locked the door—as if keys and bolts could keep out care!

They could not.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

Detailing some emotions peculiar to the love-lorn, and treating of a young man's relapse into the barbarism of superstitions.

ON Monday I went to Wilverwiltz—alone, for his Excellency was obliged to remain in Luxembourg until his note to Berlin, concerning the incident at the Legation, had been answered. Osborne remained with his Excellency, and the callow *personnel* of the Legation, the second secretary, the interpreter, and the non-com. staff, of course, remained also.

I took with me my six new Luxembourg uniforms, my United States uniforms, and all the civilian clothes I possessed, including a serviceable shooting-suit.

As I inspected my luggage piled up on the station platform I felt like an entire theatrical troupe, especially as my banjo crowned the top of the heap and Osborne's curly hunting-horn lay beside it.

The railway journey to Wilverwiltz took three hours, although it is not more than thirty miles from Luxembourg. I wished it had taken all day, for the single narrow-gauge track ran through a fairyland of the most captivating forest scenery I had ever looked upon. From the open window of my compartment I breathed the incense of the woods, the aromatic spice of evergreens, the fresh exhalation from brook and fen, the perfume of sun-curled fern. Where the sunlight fell strong and hot the odor was sweetest; I sniffed like a caged thing at the free world. Hints of ripe raspberries in the pungent puffs of wind thrilled me with that sudden home desire that is not entirely painful. From the slow train window I could look into cool moss-grown depths where every tree was an invitation, every leaf a promise. The slow-flowing streams tempted me; the sudden tumbling rivulets singing with foam set my ears a-tingle; the flutter and glance of feathered wings, the visions of startled wild things, the continuous escort of clouds of butterflies, and everywhere the blessed sunshine and the million leaves—these are my memories of that morning through the Ardennes Forest.

(Continued on page 632.)

The Youth's Companion

Will publish in its issue of July 6th, an article on

The Fall of Manila

describing the plan and conduct of the military operations following the battle of Manila Bay, by

Major-General Wesley Merritt.

This is the only contribution made by General Merritt to the literature of the Spanish-American War, and is a simple, straightforward account of the brave deeds of brave men. - - - - -

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE COMPANION IS $1.75.
SAMPLE COPIES SENT ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL CARD.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

THE
Real Estate Trust Company
OF PHILADELPHIA
Southeast Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Capital $1,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits . $520,000

Allows Interest on Deposits subject to check. Rents Safe-Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof Vaults.

Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Collects Rents and takes general charge and management of Property.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages.

FRANK K. HIPPLE, President
WILLIAM R. PHILLER, Secretary
WILLIAM F. NORTH, Treasurer
THOMAS B. PROSSER, Real Estate Officer

ESTERBROOK'S
Easy Writer, No. 130.
Specially Easy Writing.

13
ESTERBROOK & Co
EASY WRITER

150 other styles, fine, medium and broad points. . . . . . .
Ask your stationer for them.
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., N. Y.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodak

Simplicity and Kodak Quality created the standard by which all cameras are measured.

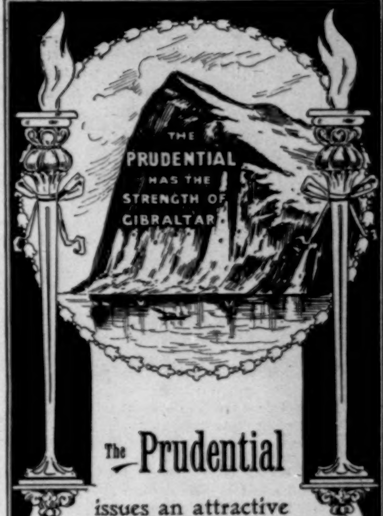
That's why the clerk says: "It's as good as a Kodak," when trying to sell an inferior camera.

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

Eastman Kodak Co.
Kodak Catalogues free of dealers or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.

DON'T LEAVE YOUR KEYS in the front door. Fasten them to the pocket or waist-band with a key chain secured by the **Improved Washburne Patent Fastener.** Slips on easily, grips like grim death, don't tear the fabric, released instantly. By mail, 25 cents. *Catalogue of other novelties, free.*

AMERICAN RING CO.,
Box 80, Waterbury, Conn.


THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

The Prudential

issues an attractive form of Life Insurance known as the participating

"LIMITED PAYMENT LIFE"

policy on which the number of Annual Premiums to be paid are limited (as Five, Ten, Fifteen, or Twenty) while the Insurance continues for life.

This policy is profit-sharing, the cost is moderate, and all the rights of the policy-holder under it are absolutely protected both during life and after death.

Write to us, stating your age nearest birthday, and we will send specimen policy and full information free.

AMOUNTS $500 to $50,000

THE PRUDENTIAL
Insurance Co. of America
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't.
Home Office: NEWARK, N.J.

FIRST COMMERCIAL TRIUMPH of the New American Territory

A previously unknown tobacco.

A surprising growth found in Puerto Rico.

A choice rich leaf—one of exquisite fineness.

This entire special growth now under our control.

American cigar makers in almost every state have negotiated for some of this stock.

We hold it all for these quick-made flavor and price treats to American smokers.

The Lucke ROLLED CIGAR
BOX OF 50 FOR $1.25
express paid by us to any address in U. S.

IF FOR ANY CAUSE YOU DON'T APPRECIATE THESE GOODS (Some individuals prefer a straw-flavored cigar, or the pungent twang of a coarse, rank stogie, to the richest leaf the tropics can produce.) THE AMOUNT YOU SEND US RETURNED IN FULL AT ONCE.

This applies to either the big "Rolled Cigar" or the smaller

LUCKE'S ROLLS
BOX OF 100 FOR $1.00
prepaid to any address in the U. S.

If you enjoy smoking a fine, rich tropical cigar-leaf, you are missing much gratified pleasure when you put off trying these goods.

Dealers may be pushing them at you in a year or two: but don't wait for that. Try them NOW.

Surprised, pleased satisfaction—or money back. J. H. LUCKE & CO., Lucke Block, Cincinnati, O.

Most Extensive Mfrs. in the world of Fine Special Goods.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

MAGAZINE, - $4 00 a Year
WEEKLY, - $4 00 a Year
BAZAR, - - $4 00 a Year
LITERATURE, $4 00 a Year
ROUND TABLE, $1 00 a Year

(*Continued from page 631.*)

Nature never betrayed a heart that loved her; Nature, "ye Vicar of Almightie Godde," teaches us to love our friends—and were it not for religion, that teaches us to love our enemies, we might not know we had any.

And the old song came to me:

From Wilverwiltz to Wiltz—
Whenne skies be grey
And Maydes away,
Godde's angels walk the woodland
Until the monthe of Maye,
In happy holliday.

From Wilverwiltz to Wiltz—
When skies be fayre
And Lovers pair,
The deyvil haunts the woodland
Where Cupid sets hys snare,
Pray Godde that we be there!

And the quaint lilt of the chorus, set to the swing of sounding hunting-horns:

The red deer sleepeth deep at noon—
Kneeling on velvet knee;
The red deer wakes with the crescent moon,
Seeketh hys love perdie!
The wild bee favors the rosemarie;
Doth the bud that he savours close, Amie?
Douce Amie?
Halali-i!
Halali-i!
Pray you may kinder be!

That the lovely Ardennes woods should make me silly did not surprise me, for "this is the forest of Arden," and every wild rose breathes of a perfumed past, and every pebbled stream babbles of Rosalind.

If I chose to be sentimental, the sentiment was healthy; everything here in the forest was sweet and real, and reeking of good rank earth. That mirage city, with its softened lights and shadows, its delicate tints, its quiet, its demi-slumber, weighed upon me as mist weighs down the sedge-grass with a million iridescent drops.

"Thank Heaven!" said I to myself, "I'm out of that enchanted cobweb;" for while I remained in Luxembourg I had felt like a fly in amber. "Perhaps," thought I, wistfully, "the tonic of the woods may cure my fever too."

But that fever was not to be cured by thinking; I knew that.

I was deep in a reverie, dreaming of the Countess of Wilverwiltz, when the train whistled, signalling the distant station; and my heart began to beat out the long-roll, warning me to arm for a battle already lost.

"One battle does not make a war," said I, aloud; "I'll call out re-enforcements." So I drew a heavy draft on my stock of courage, and as the train came to a standstill I opened the compartment door, ready to face the devil himself—or even the Countess Amyce, if necessary.

There was nobody on the station platform except a red-capped official and a groom in the Duke's livery of light green and gold. The former took charge of my luggage; the latter conducted me to a dog-cart standing under the trees behind the little wooden station. So we left the deserted station, I driving, the mute groom, decorous, spotless as a green caterpillar, decorating the lower cushion beside me.

There was no sound in the forest; our wheels and hoofs made no noise in the soft bark road. But there was movement everywhere around us, glimpses of disappearing rabbits, apparitions of startled deer, flocks of forest birds rising and scattering into flight before us as we swept on through the woods in silence.

Then all at once the gray château appeared through the larger trees on the right, and we swung into a broad macadamized avenue, through the three great gateways, and up the oak-bordered approach to a lodge, where some foresters lifted their felt hats as we whirled by.

The Duchess and her young kinswoman, Mademoiselle Bettina d'Yssel, were sitting on the flowered terrace as I drove up. They greeted me very prettily when I advanced to pay my respects, regretting that the Duke had been called to Luxembourg, but assuring me he would return on a special train at two o'clock, and saying that I was to find fault with everything that did not suit me and have it as I wanted.

"You see, monsieur, how my husband spoils you," she said; "but we are not at all metropolitan, and we are much interested in our very grand aide-de-camp."

"And so anxious to see you discipline the soldiers," said Mademoiselle d'Yssel. "When will you begin, Monsieur Hardy?"

"He might begin by disciplining young ladies who ask questions," said the Duchess, laughing.

At her Highness's invitation I went away to inspect my apartments, guided by a major-domo whose coat tails hung heavy with bullion. The apartments were gorgeous—not too gorgeous for me, for I liked magnificence, and took to it with the naïve gratitude that a duck experiences afloat on a comfortable pond.

I dispensed, however, with a valet, who was included in the furnishings; I never could bear to have a man-servant touch me.

When I had dressed and superintended the unpacking, and when my orderly had unfolded and hung up my six new uniforms, I left him to finish his duty, and went down to the flower-terrace.

The Duchess and Bettina d'Yssel were on the lawn below, finding much amusement in knocking golf-balls as far as they could send them, digging up the turf at times, at times swinging over impotently, and laughing so that even the diminutive Luxembourg caddy smiled like a discreet cherub in a Louis XVI. wood-cut.

They nodded merrily to me and offered to teach me; but there was no time then, for luncheon, served under the trees, was announced by a human ornament in green and gold; and Bettina was hungry, and said so.

It was the simplest luncheon, faultlessly served by more human bric-à-brac. Bettina ate everything, and drank very little Moselle, and looked very hard at the champagne. The Duchess ate nothing. She sat smiling at Bettina's undisguised appetite, her white hands twisted over the arm of her chair, the sun streaming through the splendid ruddy coils of her hair. I could understand how everybody fell in love with her; she was so sweet, so sympathetic, so free from the consciousness of a beauty that had made her famous over two continents.

"You eat nothing," she said, looking up at me. Perhaps she read in my eyes the sincere compliment that my lips withheld, for she smiled, and said, with heightened color: "My husband will be very glad to have a companion who is so fond of English sports. You know, he was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and, later, at Woolwich."

"Do you fox-hunt?" asked Bettina, in solemn English, looking critically at me.

"'Fox' is superfluous, dear," said the Duchess. "Your vocabulary is not yet in condition for the Quorn."

I observed the chagrin of Mademoiselle Bettina with amusement, saying that the Duchess knew more about hunting than I did.

And all the while, even when fascinated by the grace and beauty of the Duchess and the youthful innocence of Bettina, I was wondering where the Countess might be. It came out a little later.

"You know Prince Edric has taken van Tassel's house—our former head forester?" inquired the Duchess.

"Yes," I said. "Is it near?"

"It is half a mile," observed Bettina. "We will show it you after luncheon."

"There," continued the Duchess, "he is going to live all alone. It seems sad; he is so young—to be alone."

"He is going to collect birds and insects, and I am going to help him," said Bettina, incidentally helping herself to a glass of champagne, which the Duchess pleasantly deprived her of.

"There is something very touching in a young man leaving all—wealth, career, everything—to live alone in a foreign country," said the Duchess, dreamily.

That was where my rôle began. I saw the danger of the situation, the natural sympathy of this young wife, herself sick for a husband's sympathy. So I said:

"It is very natural, after all. Prince Edric cares more for quiet, more for freedom, more for his birds and beetles, than he does for a window in the Brandenbourg Palace."

"So would I," said Bettina, picking up a bunch of grapes.

"But the loneliness of it!" said the Duchess.

Ah, the loneliness! Who but she should know what loneliness meant—she whose heart's hopeless isolation roused her to pity at the thought of others who might suffer what she suffered?

And that was dangerous too.

"No man is lonely whose thoughts are free," I said. "The Prince is happiest when alone—now that he is no longer Prince."

"So princes are slaves, even in their thoughts?" asked the Duchess, faintly smiling.

"If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

I quoted, in English, and added, "As there is nothing about foxes in that, Mademoiselle d'Yssel may find it stupid."

"I do," began Bettina, cheerfully, but was restrained by the Duchess, who laid two white fingers on Bettina's wrist and rose from her chair.

"Come," she said to the young girl; "remember Exercise 109; you didn't learn everything in the convent."

Bettina apparently disagreed with her Highness, but only said, wistfully, "I thought we were going to show Monsieur Hardy Prince Edric's little house."

"Perhaps Monsieur Hardy would rather find it for himself," said the Duchess, teasingly. "Really, Bettina, do you believe that everybody enjoys your company as well as I pretend to?"

"You do, don't you?" asked the young girl, looking at me with round hazel eyes, in which, through all their innocent frankness, I caught the faintest glimmer of coquetry—only a glimmer, that came from somewhere deep in the hidden womanhood within her.

"Exercise 109," said the Duchess, musingly.

I laughed.

"I think the Countess of Wilverwiltz must have driven Prince Edric to Saint-Yssel; she has been away so long," said Bettina, making conversation an excuse to linger.

"Come, dear," said the Duchess, pleasant-

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle

—WISDOM—

W. W. W.
(THREE W'S)
Pure Rye
IF YOU ARE WISE, BE CAREFUL WHERE WHEN AND WHAT YOU DRINK.
Angelo Myers
Whiskey.
·ANGELO MYERS·
THE DISTILLER · PHILADELPHIA

Disfigured

By Skin Scalp and Blood Humors and Loss of Hair

Is the condition of thousands. To all so afflicted, warm baths with Cuticura Soap, gentle anointings with Cuticura, purest of emollient skin cures, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, will cleanse the system by internal and external medication of every eruption and impurity, and constitute the most effective skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN OF THIS YEARS AGO"
ED. PINAUD'S
EAU DE QUININE
PRESERVES THE HAIR CLEANSES THE SCALP
AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF.
~FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

HUNTER RYE
HUNTER
BALTIMORE RYE
BOTTLED BY
WM. LANAHAN & SON
BALTIMORE

Truth is mighty
And will prevail
And the truth that

Hunter
Baltimore
Rye
IS
THE BEST WHISKEY
IN AMERICA

Is evidenced by its popularity at all first-class Clubs, Cafes, Hotels and with the public at large.

10 Years Old
Mellow and Pure.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

FOX'S PATENT SPAT-PUTTEE

For { Golfing, Shooting, Hunting, Riding, Bicycling, Fishing, } Etc.

The most practical and comfortable form of leg protector yet produced

For Men and Women.

Fox's Patent Puttee is a Spat and Puttee combined, so that they form one continuous piece. By an ingenious arrangement for fastening, the same pair of spats **will fit any boot or shoe**, while the Puttee will fit any leg.

Can be worn with or without stockings and put on over trousers. Quickly adjusted, as there are **no buttons**. All wool and waterproofed, and on account of their elasticity they adapt themselves to the shape of the leg. Easily dried or cleansed. Recommended by the medical profession as a unique support for the leg, and invaluable for varicose veins. Can be had in the following shades: kharkee, dark brown, navy blue, and a variety of mixtures. Write for illustrated circular and shade-card.

PRICE $5.00 per pair.
Sold at all leading Stores, Outfitters, Tailors, etc., or sent direct on receipt of price by

BALE & MANLEY
414 Wool Exchange Bldg., Beach St. & W. Broadway, New York.

"Name, Quality, Price"

are great factors in considering which wheel to buy. If the name is well known, you may know how far to trust it. "Quality" means "safety" in a bicycle. The price is an object if the wheel is all right.

Rambler
BICYCLES
Price $40

are trusty wheels of highest quality, sold at a fair price.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.
Brooklyn. Detroit. Cincinnati. Buffalo.
Cleveland. London, Eng.

WINNERS
not only of road and track races, but of comfort and pleasure the season through, are
Imperial Wheels
—the go-lightly kind.
They win friends daily by their points of perfection. Prices are reduced, but quality strictly maintained. Special inducements to riders. Write for catalogue.
Ames & Frost Company, Chicago.

$13.25 BUYS A $25.00 BICYCLE
Don't buy a bicycle before you write for our 1899 Catalogue. 2nd hand wheels from $5.00 up. NO MONEY REQUIRED in Advance. Address VICTOR MAN'F'G CO. Dept. 6 69 161 to 167 Plymouth Pl., Chicago, Ill.

THE Keeley Cure
Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.
The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, - N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

ly, linking Bettina's arm in hers, with a little *moue* of despair at me.

I attended them to the terrace, then retraced my steps across the lawn, and entering the wood road, sauntered on into the forest.

A keeper, passing, gave me good-day, and pointed out the road that leads to Wiltz, where Prince Edric had established himself. I walked a little way on the Wiltz road, then turned back, for I was not yet ready to see Edric—or was it Edric I shrank from?

"Pooh!" said I; "let her drive him all over Belgium; what do I care?"

I sat down on a grassy bank and lighted my pipe—a sign of trouble; for I never smoke pipes unless distressed in mind or body.

"I fancy she won't drive me about in her trap," I thought, bitterly. "If she drives me at all, it will be across the frontier."

The forest was very still, save for those sudden dropping sounds that always come in forest silence—perhaps nuts falling before their time, perhaps twigs and leaves too early ripe.

A hedgehog, gliding by like a sea-urchin on invisible wheels, poked his pointed snout at me, and backed away with that half hiss, half grunt, indicative of hedgehog alarm and wrath. I tossed a pebble at him to make him curl up in a ball; and he did, lying there in the underbrush like an enormous chestnut-bur.

A lithe stoat, slipping past, stopped to sniff at the prickly inert mass, then glided on, sinuous as a sleek snake. Many a pheasant had nourished his glistening body; many a partridge's brains had furnished that marauding woodland epicure with best of cheer.

The sight of the stoat irritated me, although I do not have the inborn hatred that a keeper has for the enemies of his charges—badgers, polecats, stoats, weasels, otters, hedgehogs, hawks, kestrels, owls, herons, and magpies. On the contrary, I love them all—judiciously—and I fancy that kestrels and badgers seldom indulge in forbidden food when small birds and insects and vegetables are plenty. But a stoat—ugh!—it is as repulsive to me as a red-eyed ferret; and it's quite as murderous too. And as I sat thinking there under the trees, smoking to dull the pain in my heart, until the hot pipe bit my tongue, far away through the forest I heard a whip-lash snap. Then I heard a fresh girlish voice singing in the distance, and the crack of the whip sounded nearer; and presently a trap came into view, driven by a young lady, who carolled away in high spirits and cracked her beribboned whip, oblivious of everything—of sky and wood and the stolid groom with folded arms behind her—oblivious of me, too, until I rose, red as fire, and took off my hat to Amyce de Wiltz, Countess of Wilverwiltz.

That my apparition was both surprising and unwelcome was evident. The Countess looked me full in the face, reining in her horse mechanically; then, with an inclination which was more cutting than a lash from her whip, passed on. A whiz of wheels, a vanishing sparkle of brightly shod hoofs, and the countenance of the moon-faced groom diminishing in a flurry of dust.

But her song had ceased at sight of me. I listened intently long after she had gone. Perhaps she was tired of singing.

"The deuce take it!" said I, stepping out into the road, where a shoe, flung from her horse's left hind foot, lay glistening in the dust.

"The deuce take it!" I repeated; but I took it myself, and handled it as better men than I handle holy relics.

"An imbecile superstition," said I, aloud. Nevertheless, I dropped it into the pocket of my jacket and looked guiltily around.

And I was greatly mortified to discover a young man, faultlessly attired, standing in the road behind me, examining me through a single eye-glass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Faro in El Paso

WHETHER you understand the fine points of the game or not, faro is always interesting to look at. The table is picturesque with the chips and counters and ever-changing piles of coin on the thirteen inlaid cards, and there is fascination in watching the sharp-eyed dealer draw out the fateful card from the box and lay it on the first, second, or third pile, never losing his head for a moment, in spite of the feverish excitement about him.

Faro has always been a favorite game in the new towns of our Western plains and mountains. In what is now quite a sober, steady-going Western city, there used to be a faro bank in the building where the county court was held; and I have seen lawyers and witnesses stroll out of the court-room and through an open door over to the faro table, where they occupied their time so busily that the honorable court had occasionally to wait until the right or the wrong card turned up before the case could proceed. Down in the Southwest, on the Mexican border of Texas, the game still flourishes with open doors, but not, I imagine, with the patronage of the old days. As late as the early part of the present year you could still see the drawings of lotteries openly advertised in Texas. Fences and bill-boards were plastered with their announcements. This is about the "last ditch" of the lottery as a great business in the United States, and a move, I am reliably informed, will soon be made which will drive it, once for all, across the border.

Gambling of one kind or another is pretty sure, however, to flourish awhile longer in a State where there are so many adventurous spirits.

There is probably not a place in the country where such a variety of characters could be found around a faro table as at El Paso. Mexicans and American ranchmen, Chinese (who will put their last penny on any sort of a "gamble"), professional gamblers, railroad men, and an occasional tourist, all sitting elbow to elbow on terms of perfect equality. A game of faro is the one thing that seems to disturb the masklike smile of the Chinaman. He becomes positively animated, and on his wrinkled yellow face can be noted every change in the tide of his affairs.

Probably the thing that makes a game of faro so fascinating to watch is that the varying fortunes (good or bad) of so many men all depend on the turn of a single card as the dealer draws it from the pack.

In strong contrast with all the excitement around the table is the expressionless face of the dealer. Looking at nothing apparently, the sharp eyes are alive to every play, yet never entirely leave the great pile of coin to the right that grows, generally, as the game proceeds—the pile that every player at the table firmly believes will be his before the end of the evening.

W. A. ROGERS.

Mississippi in June

THE blithe breezes croon through forests of June,
And the swallows skim on through the sky;
Then the goldfinch comes and the wild bee hums,
While the martins go sailing on high.
The indigo-bird in the hedge is heard
As he seeks for his sweetheart and sings,
And the tanagers flush and the redbirds blush
Like a legion of tulips with wings.

The cotton-field heaves with its glossy green leaves,
With its blossoms of crimson and cream,
While the corn's sharp spears, with their juicy ears
And their tassels of silk, are a-stream.
The cantaloupe swells, and the cantaloupe smells
Like a gold-carven casket of musk;
On the watermelon-vine is a flagon of wine
In the rosy-red heart of the husk.

The blackberries lush hang ripe on the bush
Like a gypsy-girl's ebon-hued eyes,
While the strawberry-bed is sprinkled with red
For the barefooted truant's surprise.
The apricot glows like a yellow rose,
And the apple a globule of gold,
While the damson's dark blue and the cherry's red hue
Stain the beak of the woodpecker bold.

With pansies aglow, peonies ablow,
Cometh June in her maidenhood sweet,
And I see her glide where the crape-myrtles bide
With their petals as pink as her feet.
The magnolia bloom, like an ostrich plume,
Is a-waving to welcome the queen,
And the iris rears through its serried spears
Like a banner through bayonets keen.

WALTER MALONE.

The Musical Heart

OCCASIONALLY there have been allusions of late to "the man with the musical heart," as it was called, and some of the accounts given of a sad and strange disorder are so incorrect as to justify taking from an old scrap-book the real facts and names in the matter. "The man with the musical heart" in this country—for there have been others abroad—was Mr. Oliver Lindsay, of Kansas City. He had been intemperate, and a coalition of diseases gradually assailed him. At length the valves of the heart came to a contraction, and presently to a lesion, of such a sort that each pulsation produced a loud noise, day and night, occasionally harsh, but most frequently of a musical note's quality, varying according to his physical condition. It was a mystery for a time to his acquaintance, who supposed it a ventriloquial device. But it was literally death to Lindsay, and he died of the disease that it indicated.

Old English CURVE CUT

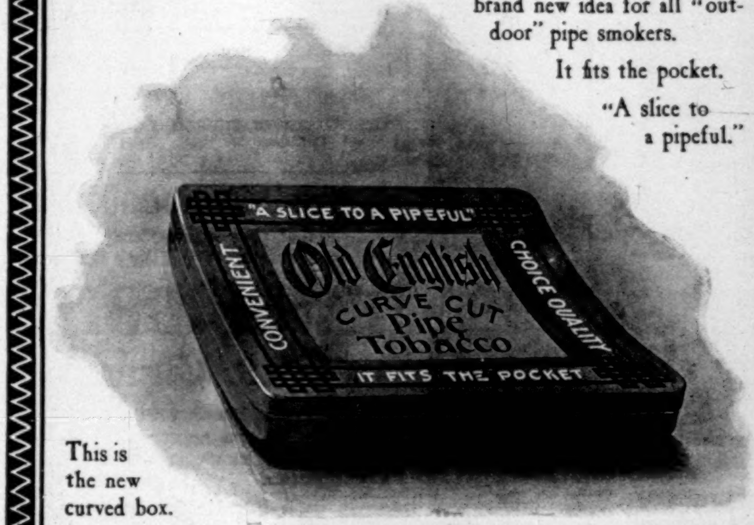
is natural pipe tobacco, and is free from flavoring, coloring, and anything artificial. It is cut in slices, just right to fill the average size pipe, and for this reason there is no waste and loss every time you fill your pipe, as there is with all other kinds of pipe tobacco.

Send Ten Cents

in stamps, just as soon as you can, for a trial box of this new pipe tobacco. You will enjoy the tobacco and you will like the curved box. It is a brand new idea for all "out-door" pipe smokers.

It fits the pocket.

"A slice to a pipeful."



This is the new curved box.

The New Curved Box is the most convenient pocket box for pipe tobacco ever made. It is a new idea, and a good one. Every Golf player, Yachtsman, Bicyclist, Canoeist, Camper, Fisherman, and "out-door" pipe smoker will instantly recognize its practical desirability.

This Tobacco satisfies experienced pipe smokers, and is surprisingly acceptable to beginners, because it is really mellow and "cool" when smoked.

If you only knew how perfect is this combination of proper pipe tobacco and "just right" box,—*you would not be without it this summer.*

You can know in a few days, if you will send us ten cents in stamps, with your name and address, as we will send you a full size box by return mail, and with it we will send an interesting and very practical illustrated talk about pipe smoking that will help you get more solid comfort out of your pipe.

Address Sales Department W.
The American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, New-York City.

You are sure that
Swift's

Silver Leaf Lard is purity perfection, and all lard.
Premium Hams make a breakfast fit for royalty, and Americans.
Premium Breakfast Bacon, an appetizer which makes everything else taste good.
Beef Extract, as good as the best—the concentrated strength of the best beef, with a flavor all its own.
Jersey Butterine, you couldn't tell it from the best butter,—healthy, wholesome, clean.
Cotosuet—the perfect vegetable shortening—digestible and healthy.

Swift and Company, Chicago
Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Paul

Cool Colorado

Colorado in summer is the most delightful place on earth. Its climate is simply incomparable, while its magnificent mountain scenery is said to excel the Swiss Alps.

There are many attractive resorts in Colorado, some right in the heart of the Rockies, and others along the foot-hills. Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you a copy of our beautiful book, entitled "Picturesque Colorado"? Send two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

T. E. FISHER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
"The Colorado Road"
717 H. Cooper Bldg., DENVER, COLO.

Harper's Catalogue

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors,* will be sent free to any address on receipt of (postage) ten cents.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Don't fail to try
BEECHAM'S PILLS
when suffering from any bad condition of the Stomach or Liver.
10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.